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SEPTEMBER 8, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
ON THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION:
--'ATLANTIC CITY WITHOUT THE GIRLS'

Also In This Issue:

IS GOLDWATER'S FOREIGN POLICY 'SIMPLE'? ♦ VAN DEN HAAG ON THE CONGO FIASCO ♦ NATHAN COHEN ON JAMES BALDWIN ♦ TORY POLITICS AND BARRY ♦ ALSO BOZELL, KIRK, CAMPAIGNE

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CONTENTS *SEPTEMBER 8, 1964 VOL. XVI, NO. 36*

THE WEEK 755

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 750
From Washington Straight ..... *Cato* 762
Atlantic City Without the Girls *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 763
The Perils of Under-Simplification *James Burnham* 766
The Wonderful World of Hubert *John Chamberlain* 767
British Politics and Goldwater .. *Anthony Lejeune* 770
The Lesson of the Congo ... *Ernest van den Haag* 771
Liberalism *vs.* the Spanish Pavilion .. *Russell Kirk* 774
Trans-O-Gram 787
For the Record 788

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The Court Enjoins God ..... *L. Brent Bozell* 775
Matched With His Hour ..... *Sir Shane Leslie* 776
Intellectual Underbrush .. *Jameson G. Campaigne* 779
A Flawed Talent ..... *Nathan Cohen* 780
Books in Brief 781

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In This Issue . . .

→ which covers so much ground you might even call it our version of an ecumenical council, we indulge in a pleasure made rare only by our gentle and forgiving spirit, and tell the Idiot Left, in words well chosen by Prof. **Ernest van den Haag,** that as far as the Congo is concerned, We Told You So. Should we abandon the UN after its disaster in the Congo? No, says the eminent sociologist, author and practicing psychoanalyst: it is at least a forum, and its girl guides are a very definite (one is tempted to say tangible) addition to the Manhattan landscape . . . Huntley Mudd, Brinkley Trout, and Eric the Sevareid to the contrary notwithstanding, what happened at Atlantic City wasn't very interesting, says **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.,** in a report from the convention floor. . . . **John Chamberlain,** the gentle but unflinching columnist-author-critic-historian, charter editor of *NR*, and devoted ice skater come winter, takes a long steady look at Vice Presidential Candidate Hubert Horatio Humphrey and comes up with a portrait that glows with the benign intelligence of the biographer and the sunny humor he shares with the Senator.

→ **James Burnham** takes up the central issue of this Presidential campaign, foreign policy, and specifically the accusation that Senator Goldwater's approach thereto is "simplistic." He argues that the real choice in important issues is usually between a simple Yes and No that establishes the main line . . . **Russell Kirk** emerges from the Spanish Pavilion at the N.Y. World's Fair with an essay on Spain's leadership of the nineteenth-century "liberal" movement, the ultimate collapse of Liberalism, and the symbolic triumph in Franco Spain's pavilion being the most popular national exhibit at the Fair.

→ **L. Brent Bozell,** whose immense study of the Supreme Court keeps nearing completion asymptotically, leads off a fine book section with a review of Prof. Charles Rice's solid work, *The Supreme Court and Public Prayer*. Prof. Rice teaches constitutional law at Fordham, is a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Conservative Party, and, like his reviewer, knows not only the theory of law and politics but the practice of running for public office. Prof. Rice, says Mr. Bozell, has done the job that needed doing. . . . Our old friend Sir **Shane Leslie** is inspired by Christopher Hassall's biography of Rupert Brooke to reminisce about the Cambridge of sixty years ago, and a performance of Aeschylus, and a Greek instructor whom Sir Shane shared with, of course, Rupert Brooke. . . . **Jameson G. Campaigne,** author of *American Might and Soviet Myth,* reviews three lectures-turned-books by George Kennan and two Kennanoids, published by the Council on Foreign Relations, and awash in nonsense. . . . And **Nathan Cohen,** the great drama critic of Canada, discusses the powers of James Baldwin gone astray on stage, and advises Baldwin to reform lest he end by destroying his own cause. →

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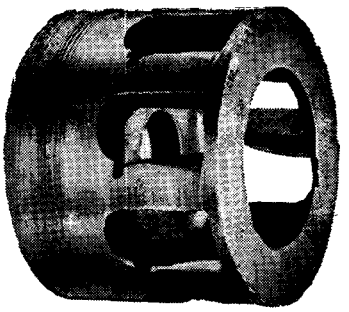

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To the Editor

Three Cheers

Suffrage is finally paying off. Three cheers for an outspoken woman, Clare Boothe Luce [August 25].

New York, N.Y. BARBARA SHERMAN

Suite 3505

William A. Rusher's enlightening journey into the past in "Suite 3505" [August 11] should be read by every American, whether Liberal or conservative.

For the Liberal, it should provide a sober realization that the "rock" from under which Senator Barry M. Goldwater has supposedly crawled to bring about the "Disaster in San Francisco" is in reality a gigantic boulder under which millions of conservatives have been suppressed.

Jackson Heights, N.Y. ALAN I. LEVENSON

Annoyed!

The latest issue [August 11] was full of gems, but I especially admired that bit in the article "Suite 3505" where the author speaks of "divine intervention" on behalf of the Goldwater drive. I always knew that God was on the side of the Republican Party, but I didn't know until now that he was actively campaigning on behalf of Senator Goldwater.

Evanston, Ill. ARNOLD LEVISON
Philosophy Dept.
Northwestern University

Next question? —ED.

Mathematician Baffled

In re James Burnham's article, "Nikita Khrushchev: Maoist?" [July 28]: I observed in regard to the recent PT-boat attack on U.S. destroyers and subsequent retaliation the following: Yesterday it was said on the radio that in the two attacks by the PT-boats presumably 3 PT-boats had been destroyed, which would, according to the same radio report, be almost 1/5th of the 16 PT-boats the Russians gave to North Vietnam back in the days when Moscow and Peking were still on speaking terms. Today we learn that in the retaliation by U.S. bombers, 25 PT-boats had been damaged or destroyed. According to my arithmetic (even though I am supposed to be a professor of mathematics), 25 + 3 = 28. Assuming that not every one of N. Vietnam's PT-

(Continued on p. 783)

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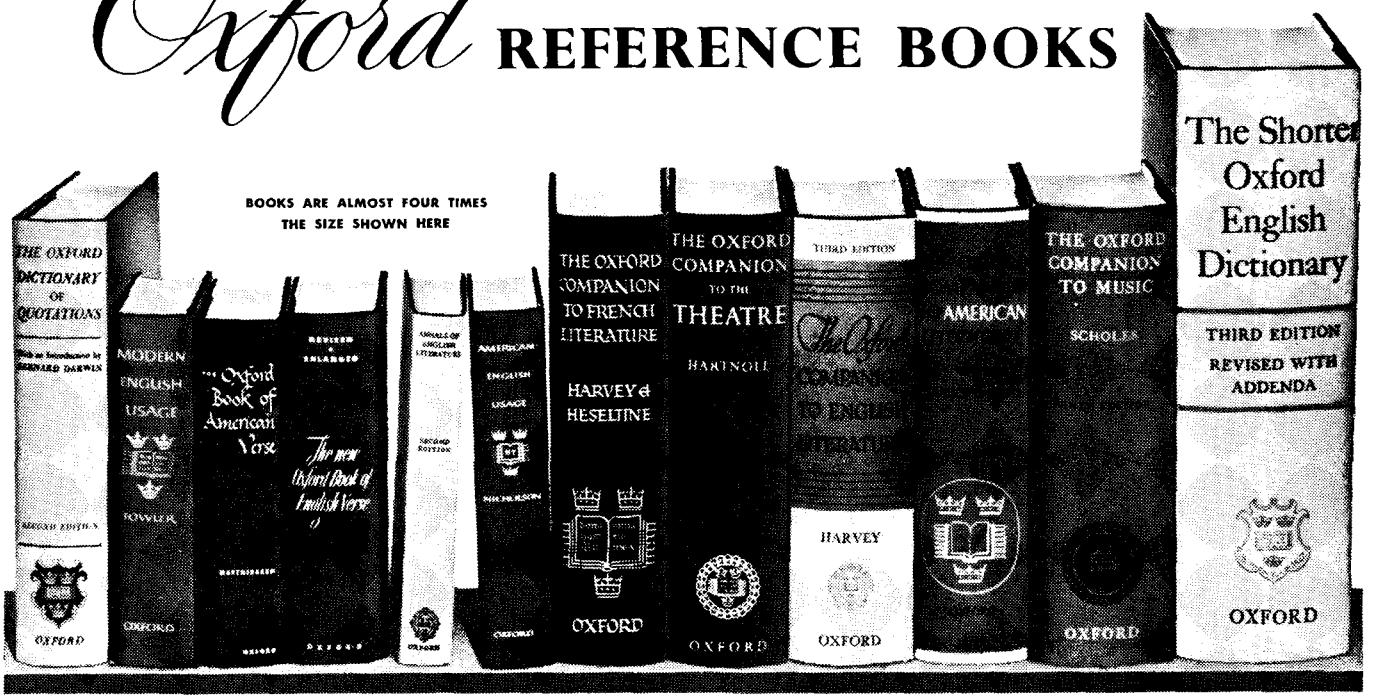

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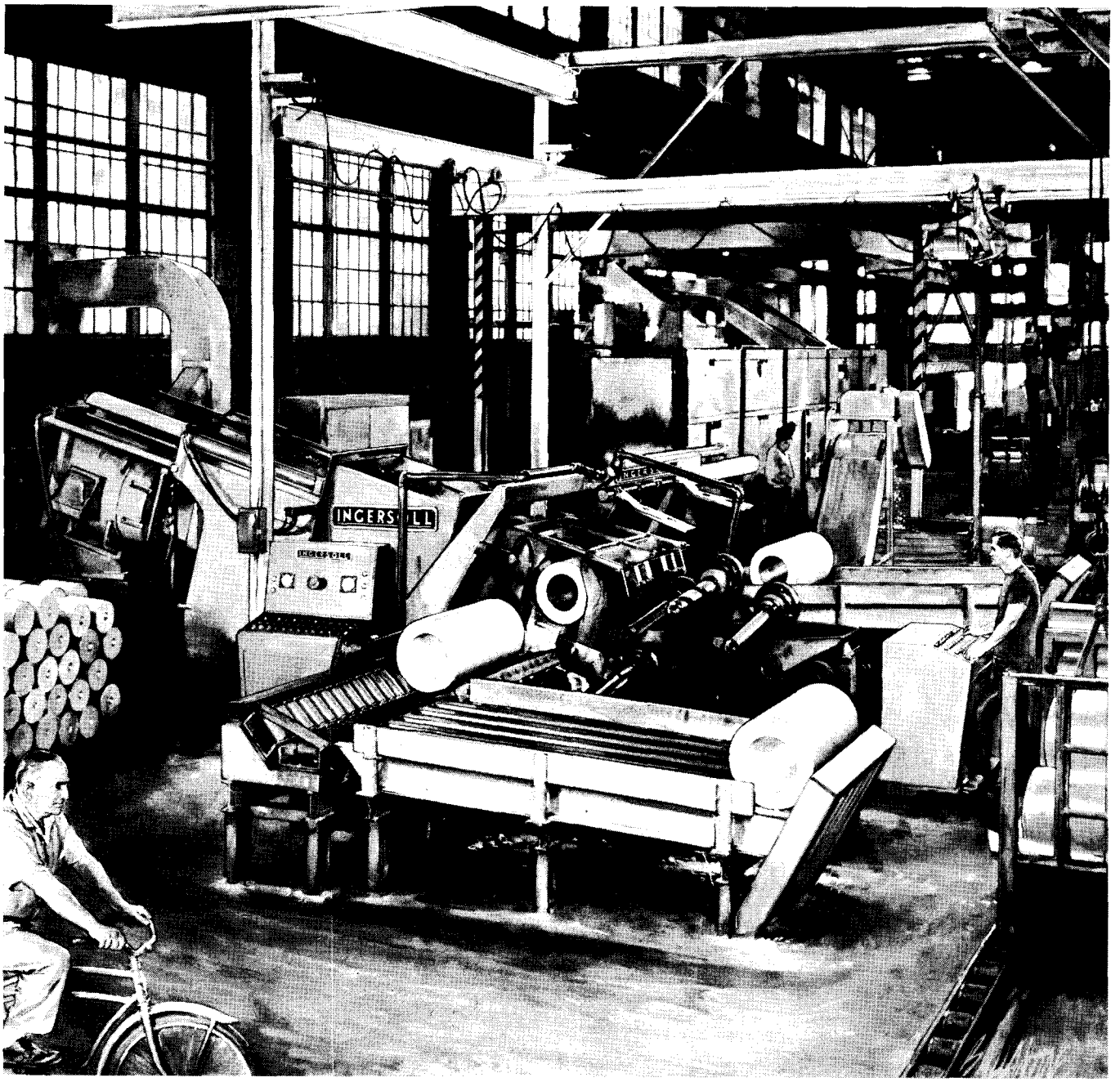

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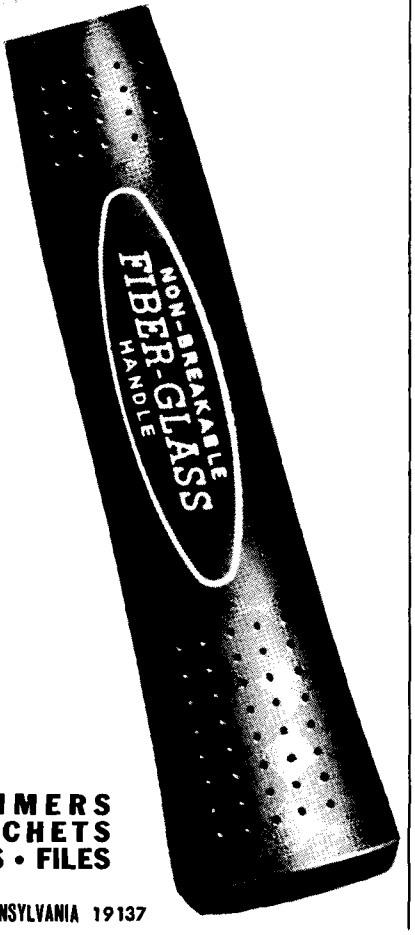

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The WEEK

● From what we gather, Lyndon Johnson's brain was replaced by a political computer when he was three days old. So Hubert Humphrey must be the name that ticked out after the tubes and reels had solved the equations and finished their whirring. It wouldn't be prudent to underestimate the senior senator from Minnesota. He talks so much that lots of people don't notice he is pretty smart, and knows a thing or two—about political philosophy, which he once taught, as well as practical politicking. The Johnson computer calculated, undoubtedly, that Humphrey is the sidekick best able to bolster up the soft spots where the LBJ name has somewhat less than its usual dazzling magic: in the Midwestern battleground, where Humphrey is a known and sympathetic figure, and among the labor unions and civil rights battalions. With his charter ADA card, Humphrey is a sop, too, to the Democratic long-haired Left, which can't stop getting a wee bit nauseated every time it takes a look at the LBJ White House; and yet, for some mysterious reason, Humphrey has never riled the Southerners the way most all-out civil righters do. For more Humphrey turn to John Chamberlain in this issue.

● Seen any good anti-military films lately? We're looking forward to the one about the jittery WAC who backs into Burt Lancaster and triggers the accidental firing of Robert S. McNamara.

● Parents and Taxpayers (PAT), the predominantly (but by no means exclusively) white organization whose motto is "Neighborhood Schools for Neighborhood Children," lost another legal battle to the New York Board of Education. There is no further legal obstacle, it seems, to prevent the Board's plans (for forcing racial equilibrium by transporting large numbers of white and colored children beyond zones of parental watchfulness) from going into effect this fall. PAT's lawyers tried to argue, interestingly enough, from that portion of the new Civil Rights Act which says that "desegregation shall not mean the assignment of students to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance," but a State Supreme Court judge in Queens ruled that the quoted restriction shall not mean segregation may therefore stand. Out of the legalistic maze onto the battlements, then, goes PAT. It has called what may amount to a city-wide school boycott, civil rights style, for September 14, first day of school. Meanwhile in Atlantic City, the Democrats rebuffed PAT appeals to endorse, as had the GOP, neighborhood schools, and the *New York Times* noted in horror that several of the private cars that joined PAT's officially non-partisan motorcade bore Goldwater stickers. The question on everyone's lips as D-Day approaches: Will the Board go through with its action come Hell *and* Goldwater?

● Union boss David McDonald told NBC that he, personally, knew—they told him, or he overheard them, he wasn't sure which—that four "infiltrators" had been sent by Goldwater's organization to Pittsburgh to stir up trouble among the United Steelworkers by telling them Negroes would get their jobs if Goldwater lost. And the August issue of the COPE Newsletter published by New York State AFL-CIO tells its readers that "a victorious Goldwater and his extremist supporters would speedily make life all but unbearable for unions, for working people, for the poor, perhaps—with a trigger-finger [etc., etc., etc.]—for the world." All of which, translated from Middle High Hysteria, means this: pro-Goldwater feeling among the rank and file is on the rise.

● A gentleman who persists in reading James Reston week after week has sent us copies of a recent correspondence he had with that *Times* columnist on whether Senator Goldwater is, or is not, a segregationist. "The Senator has taken positions which have attracted segregationists to his cause," Mr. Reston wrote on July 3. "But I have never accused him of being a segregationist himself, because I do not believe he is one. I repeat my question: where have I ever labeled Barry Goldwater a 'segregationist' as your vicious letter states?" Whereupon Mr. Reston's correspondent replied, viciously pointing out that, in a column dated June 28, 1964, Mr. Reston had written, "Governor Wallace of Alabama is even more segregationist than Goldwater," further pointing out that although he sincerely believes Reston is not a Communist even though he has attracted some Communists to his cause, to say that Gus Hall is even more Communist than Reston would imply pretty strongly that Reston is a Communist to begin with. Whereupon there was a silence through which you could pass the Republican convention, and then on August 17 Mr. Reston wrote back: "I regret that a certain imprecision in my writing conveyed the impression to some that I think Barry Goldwater is a segregationist." We recommend to those of Mr. Reston's colleagues who continue to complain that they never know what Mr. Goldwater is talking about, the following formulation: "Barry Goldwater is even more imprecise than James Reston."

● What's a couple hundred million among friends? Plenty, we were saying a year or two ago when Brazil, under Goulart, and Rio Grande do Sul under

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his brother-in-law Brizola, were expropriating the facilities of U.S.-owned public utility companies. Now the new junta has offered to make indemnity payments of $135 million. Sounds good. No doubt they'll borrow it from the Alliance for Progress.

● More than 200 delegates will convene at New York's Statler Hilton Sept. 11 for the fourth anniversary conference of Young Americans for Freedom. Highlighting Friday's activities will be a panel discussion with NATIONAL REVIEW publisher William A. Rusher and several *NR* editors. William F. Buckley Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW's effulgent editor-in-chief, promises a scintillating speech for the evening's banquet. Saturday morning, early-rising YAF members will board special buses for a "pilgrimage trek" to Sharon, Conn., birthplace for Young Americans for Freedom exactly four years ago (Sept. 9-11). YAF, presently the largest non-partisan conservative group, received the commendation of Senator Barry Goldwater: "The future of the young conservative movement depends in a large part on Young Americans for Freedom." Tooting patriotic music, a band will greet the arrivals and provide background music for a picnic lunch. With informality as the dominant note for the outing, host Buckley will welcome the group. Many of the charter YAF members will outline the organization's founding and subsequent history.

● Going the rounds of underground Catholic Liberal circles (terribly unhappy over Pope Paul's encyclical, *Ecclesiam Suam*)—*"Suam sí, meam no!"*

Which Extremism Is Your Extremism?

So our solid, respectable old-school-tie Democratic Party (break out the crinolines, ladies, and dust off those swallowtails, gents!) is against "extremism." It's a moderate age we live in, dearies, sure and God bless us all. You can read it right there on page 937 or so, just four paragraphs up from the close of that crenelated platform they piled up like a sand castle between tides on the Atlantic City beach: "We condemn extremism, whether from the right or the left including the extreme tactics of such organizations as the Communist Party, the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society." We're good little boys, we Demos are.

The trouble is that when you start condemning persons or organizations by name, the names you leave out become at least as revealing as the names you put in. And when you make as much of a blather about anything as the Democratic spokesmen have about "extremism" in the past month, your own words on the matter become legitimately subject to the most careful scrutiny.

The Democratic Party condemns "extremism" including "extreme tactics. . . ." But "extremism," presumably referring to a far-out point of view or ideology, is not at all the same thing as "extreme tactics"—*i.e.*, a drastic mode of conduct. The Illinois Voliva cult that believes the earth to be flat is extremist in doctrine, but its tactics are as mild as a churchmouse's. Possibly the idea of racially integrated schools may not be extremist, but sending in paratroops to integrate them is an extremist tactic in any man's definition. Not to speak of ordering a powerful air strike on the installations of a country with which we are formally at peace. If it is an extremist tactic to call a left Democrat socialistic, what is it to call Barry Goldwater a racist or fascist?) It seems like you've got to pick and choose your extremisms.

The Communist party and the Ku Klux Klan are both of them both extremist and prone to extreme tactics. And it takes about as much political courage to condemn them as to praise home and mother. Some John Birch Society members are extremist in certain of their ideas, but, with rare exceptions, the Birch tactics do not seem particularly extreme. It is not extreme to call, as the Constitution provides, for the impeachment of Earl Warren; it is merely silly. The Birch operations are often *persistent*—which makes them, no doubt, annoying in the extreme to their targets—but they revolve within constitutional limits. No one has accused Birch members of using or advocating illegal violence; only very seldom (in one or two picketing episodes) have they run into even minor difficulties with the police. To lump the John Birch Society into the same category as the subversive, foreign-based Communist Party and the conspiratorial, racist Klan is a textbook example of one well-known extreme tactic—the smear.

But let that pass. Down with Commies, Knights and Birchites! And. . . . And who else exactly?

Down with Ban-the-Bombers and unilateral disarmers, committed to an extremist doctrine of total anarchic pacifism in the face of our enemy armed to the teeth, and using tactics of sit-down, disruption of defense operations, calls for violation of draft laws and refusal to obey military orders? Down with Women Strike for Peace? Down with committees which publish appeals supporting Castro, the Vietcong and the Pathet Lao and other enemies busily killing Americans and striving to destroy our nation?

Down with the Black Muslims, perhaps? Or doesn't their goal of total destruction of the white race in Armageddon, the karate and small arms training of their storm trooper formation, their random-sample murders, qualify as "extreme tactics"? Down with CORE and SNCC and a host of other groups that

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openly call for and practice civil disobedience, block public highways, prevent the public magistrates from entering their offices, rouse the dregs of the cities to mass violence, looting and arson?

What a curious coincidence it is, or is it, that the Democratic catalogue of "extremists" who use "extreme tactics" does not include a single one of the leftist-pacifist or radical-Negro organizations: the two groups that are at the present time the country's largest, most powerful and most active extremist movements. Can it be that this extremist plank in the Democratic platform is a crude piece of political hypocrisy, that LBJ is just trying to hold in line the leftist and Negro vote that is an essential part of the Democratic amalgam, that the Democratic Party is in some measure the captive of its leftist and radical-Negro flank? Can it be? It can.

Congo, Congo, Who's Got the Congo?

Now that a few years of war and a large fraction of a billion dollars have been spent in the Congo implementing the Soapy Williams-Dag Hammarskjold-U Thant-Dean Rusk-Kennedy-Johnson policy of total chaos, you'd think the disaster would be large enough to be visible even in Washington, visible and shocking enough to compel a major change of policy.

Not yet, evidently. The overwhelming bankruptcy of U.S. policy in the Congo (see Ernest van den Haag's brilliant retrospective analysis, p. 771) has, it seems, taught our leaders very little. We started out, you may remember, with that shrewd geopolitical insight formulated by Bwana Williams: "Africa for the Africans!" Today we remain Soapy-eyed as before: the State Department is thinking, four years late, of maybe backing Moise Tshombe (whom U Thant, after mature geopolitical analysis, called "a clown") to restore order in the Congo, but the old madness survives, and the State Department wants only African countries (black African, that is) to help Tshombe; anything else would be imperialism and colonialism, God forbid. Anyone who bothers to mention that there isn't a battalion both trained and trustworthy in black Africa is a cynic.

The Belgians, more than any other people, could help Tshombe, but they won't, unless the U.S. is prepared to back them politically and economically at least half as much as it did shaming Belgium into issuing the Congo its license for suicide. The fact is that Africa isn't ruling Africa, but the State Department thinks any other form of rule is colonialism, and therefore immoral.

So Tshombe, in a desperate endeavor to keep the Congo from falling wholly apart, is drawing white (oh no!) mercenary (oh yes!) soldiers from (the world gasps for breath) South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, and there's a chance that Tshombe's Congo will establish diplomatic relations with South Africa, a country upon which we have lavished our most heroical vilifications.

Meanwhile the Congolese economy is crippled,

"WE ARE GOING TO TAKE ALL THE MONEY THAT WE THINK IS UNNECESSARILY BEING SPENT AND TAKE IT FROM THE HAVES AND GIVE IT TO THE HAVE-NOTS THAT NEED IT SO MUCH! LBJ
ADA
Concerto in extremis

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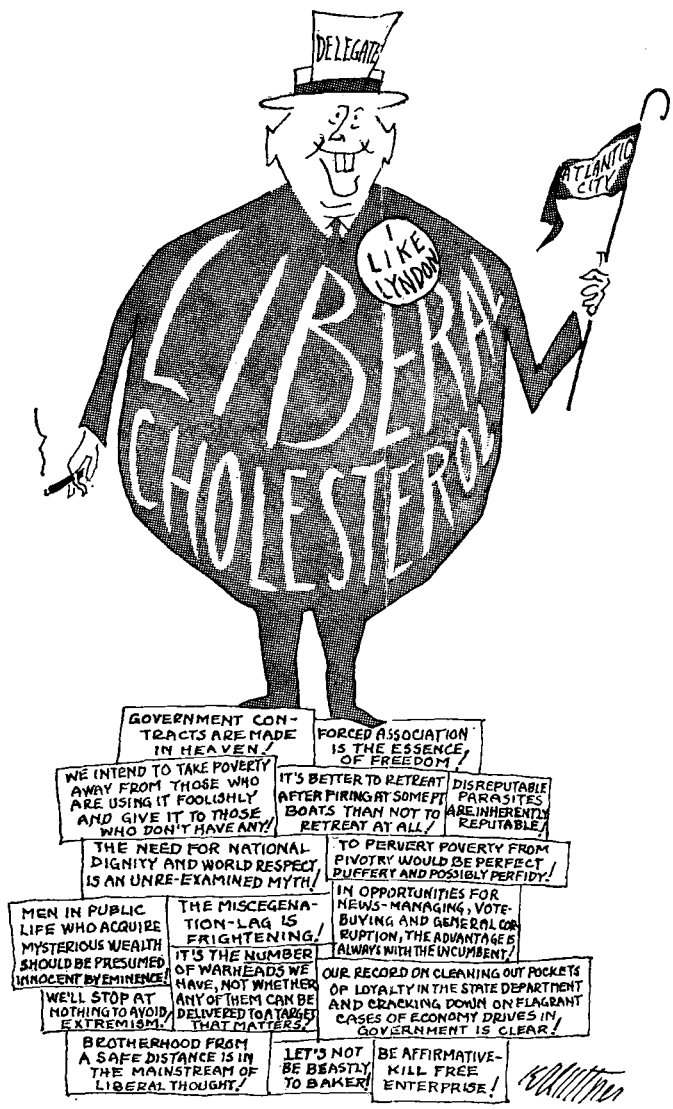
Tshombe has been alienated; the Communist infiltration in the eastern provinces is stepping up, and the stage is set for an African version of de Gaullism. That wouldn't be at all bad, you know: a federation of Tshombe's Congo, Angola, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia, and South Africa. It would make quite an Rhodesia, and South Africa. It would make quite an ern. The big question is, How pro-Western is the Administration in Washington?

Citizens for Goldwater

It's going to be worth while keeping an eye on the Citizens for Goldwater movement. Even more than was the Eisenhower campaign, the 1964 GOP Presidential effort will be based on coordinate and parallel organizations, one the regular party, one the Citizens' groups. Many reasons there are for this, but they boil down to one irreducible fact: there are thousands of people who are willing to work like mad for Goldwater and Miller but who wouldn't be happy inside a GOP precinct headquarters. Some of Goldwater's Citizens, for example, have been lifelong Democrats; some are non-party, and not a few are disillusioned ex-Republicans.


DELEGATE
ATLANTIC CITY
I LIKE LYNDON
LIBERAL
CHOLESTEROL
GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS ARE MADE IN HEAVEN!
FORCED ASSOCIATION IS THE ESSENCE OF FREEDOM!
WE INTEND TO TAKE POVERTY AWAY FROM THOSE WHO ARE USING IT FOOLISHLY AND GIVE IT TO THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE ANY!
IT'S BETTER TO RETREAT AFTER FIRING AT SOME PT BOATS THAN NOT TO RETREAT AT ALL!
DISREPUTABLE PARASITES ARE INHERENTLY REPUTABLE!
THE NEED FOR NATIONAL DIGNITY AND WORLD RESPECT IS AN UNRE-EXAMINED MYTH!
TO PERVERT POVERTY FROM PIVOTRY WOULD BE PERFECT PUFFERY AND POSSIBLY PERFIDY!
MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE WHO ACQUIRE MYSTERIOUS WEALTH SHOULD BE PRESUMED INNOCENT BY EMINENCE!
THE MISCEGENATION-LAG IS FRIGHTENING!
IN OPPORTUNITIES FOR NEWS-MANAGING, VOTE-BUYING AND GENERAL CORRUPTION, THE ADVANTAGE IS ALWAYS WITH THE INCUMBENT!
WE'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO AVOID EXTREMISM.
IT'S THE NUMBER OF WARHEADS WE HAVE, NOT WHETHER ANY OF THEM CAN BE DELIVERED TO A TARGET THAT MATTERS!
OUR RECORD ON CLEANING OUT POCKETS OF LOYALTY IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT AND CRACKING DOWN ON FLAGRANT CASES OF ECONOMY DRIVES IN GOVERNMENT IS CLEAR!
BROTHERHOOD FROM A SAFE DISTANCE IS IN THE MAINSTREAM OF LIBERAL THOUGHT!
LET'S NOT BE BEASTLY TO BAKER!
BE AFFIRMATIVE-KILL FREE ENTERPRISE!

"As the Party of the Foreign Press, Compassion (election-year type), Solvency ($300-billion-debt type), Peace (at-any-price type) and Entrenched Arrogance, we want you to know that we stand on our Principles!"

Under the sumptuous endorsement of co-chairmen Clare Boothe Luce and Gen. Jimmy Doolittle, the Citizens for Goldwater will be marshalled by Executive Director F. Clifton White, whose political talents lad the foundations of the Goldwater for President movement (see *NR*, 1963-4, *passim*). White knows perhaps even better than most professionals to what extent the GOP nomination must be traced to "independent" Citizens' groups around the country. Goldwater, White, and for that matter anyone who's a political realist knows that a GOP victory in November isn't a sure thing, and that in the event of a Goldwater loss, the conservative influence on GOP machinery might be weakened, perhaps seriously. But the Citizens' groups, incorporating local conservatives who have been active for some years past, could remain as nuclei of continuing conservative sentiment—no doubt dismaying, in the process, those pros who are accustomed to seeing Citizens' group rise up during campaigns and vanish afterwards. If Goldwater loses, then the Citizens' organization might emerge as the framework for the distinctively conservative focus from coast to coast. In its own way this might prove to be a strong argument against formation of a national party—a temptation into which, at this stage, we should ask not to be led.

An Honest Mistake

Mobilization for Youth, the multimillion-dollar New York slum project that was caught *flagrante delinquo* in a Communist love nest, was originally a brainchild of the Village Independent Democrats, the Reform group that brought down De Sapio, and now runs Lower West (and East) Side politics with the fell hand of the amateur zealot. It was put into effect two years ago by the President and the mayor of New York at a cost of some $12.9 million paid into it by (in descending order) the National Institute of Mental Health, the City of New York, the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime, the Ford Foundation, and the U.S. Department of Labor. As the facts emerge about what, precisely, MFY was intended to be and do, it becomes starkly clear that the scandal issues not from a misuse of the wealth but from a literal, devoted applica-

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ The GOP situation in New York, as one practiced observer said last week, "has got the pros talking to themselves." Rockefeller has refused to attend a campaign dinner for Vice Presidential candidate Bill Miller, a New York congressman. Senator Keating has so far refused to support the national GOP ticket. The Conservative Party has asked the GOP to allow it to run the GOP Goldwater electors on the Conservative line, so that Goldwater-Miller can scoop up the votes of conservative New Yorkers who won't pull a Republican lever. The GOP (*i.e.* Nelson Rockefeller) has so far refused, apparently willing to weaken the Goldwater-Miller ticket rather than risk strengthening the Conservative Party. Much of the press has taken Goldwater's comment ("Republicans should support Republicans") as an admonition to the Conservatives and/or Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, though it is a remark much more apposite in the case of Senator Keating. Anyway, the best comment last week was Mrs. Luce's. She said she wondered how Senator Keating could have the effrontery to ask the voters to choose between himself and Robert Kennedy when he himself couldn't make up his mind between Senator Goldwater and President Johnson.

◆ "The glittering magic of the Kennedy name," even when Bobby's announcement of his senatorial candidacy in New York was timed with JFK memorial services at Atlantic City, may not hypnotize the New York Democratic pros. The Democrats were already split between the oldtime regulars and the "reform" wing. Bobby's entry starts a new faction going. Simultaneously, President Johnson has snubbed the artistic old pro, Carmine De Sapio, to name the obscure Edwin Weisl as his choice for Democratic National Committeeman from New York. So the New York Democrats are split at least four ways, and the in-fighting may be sharpened under the stress of the campaign.

◆ It's already certain the 1964 campaign is going to set one all-time record: in number of books distributed. (No figures yet on number read.) Practically every publisher you ever heard of, and several you haven't, has one or two campaign volumes on his list. *Both* Minnesota senators threw political autobiographies into the Vice Presidential ring. There are umpteen books on LBJ and the White House aviary. Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* has crossed the 2.5 million mark and heads toward a billion, with a half-dozen foreign editions about to appear. The *National Observer-Wall Street Journal* Newsbook on BG is printing half a million copies. The hard-slashing *A Texan Looks at Lyndon* (J. Evetts Haley) and *A Choice Not an Echo* (Phyllis Schlafly) are currently zooming through the grass roots.

◆ The announcement that Mr. George Schuyler will withdraw from the N.Y. Conservative Party candidacy against Rep. Adam Clayton Powell wasn't quite accurate. New York statute prohibits such a withdrawal. Mr. Schuyler, for reasons of health, will not be able to wage an active campaign. But his eminent name (he's an author, and an editor of the *Pittsburgh Courier*) will be on the Conservative Party ballot.

◆ On August 26 more than forty buses, carrying about 2,000 elderly souls, rolled from New York to Atlantic City to attend the Senior Citizens Convention Forum at the Democratic National Convention. It came about as follows. 1) The Planning Committee of the Democratic Convention got in touch with the Retail, Wholesale, and Dept. Store union in New York. 2) The union lads set up a front group named the Congress of Senior Citizens of Greater New York, and gave the front group desk and telephone facilities at its HQ at 13 Astor Place. 3) The front group sent letters to Senior Citizens groups around the area, posing as "a non-partisan organization," and implying no previous involvement with the Democratic Party by promising that "our numbers will impress upon them the urgency of our problems." This "non-partisan" group, when questioned, said it had made no such effort at the GOP convention in San Francisco.

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tion of it to the provisions of the organization's charter. MFY pursued a mandate as congenial to the Communists who joyride it into the cataclysm of the Harlem/Bedford-Stuyvesant riots as to the social action pioneers with ideas about helping teenagers find their place in the democratic process.

If the directors of MFY found rent strikes conducive to their goals (and they did then and do now), and rent strikes were being run by Jesse Gray—why, support Jesse Gray and denounce as witchhunters those who might like to know why he refused to say, before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, whether he'd ever left the Party. When inflammatory leaflets appear on the boiling city streets bearing the imprint of MFY stationery, write it off as an "honest mistake "on the part of someone in the neighborhood who didn't understand political agitation on government funds wasn't *done*. (But just to be sure, look pious when the typewriters somehow disappear.) And of course, pouring money into the March on Washington (for), the Lower East Side Expressway (against), Milton Galamison's school boycott (for), police-curbing civilian review boards (for), and not one but two "luncheonettes" (espresso joints) for the rehabilitation and on-the-job training (fun and games) of high school drop-outs (loafers)—is all part of the job.

A short while ago, right after the Republican con-

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SPECIAL REPORT:
THE RACE ISSUE & THE CAMPAIGN:
Articles by
Ralph de Toledano, Garry Wills, Richard Wheeler, Arlene Croce

vention, we remarked that news—the straight reporting of what is really going on—was likely to be back in style as a consequence of the GOP's momentous decision. What is, perhaps, of greatest significance in the entire MFY scandal is that we are at last getting the facts about such organizations, and the press is beginning to perform. Perhaps it didn't know we cared.

To a Gallant Lady

Clare Boothe Luce's talents are so various and dazzling that some of her admirers as well as her critics sometimes overlook the fact that those talents are founded on granite rocks of intelligence and character. Her wisecracks—nobody's are more fun—are not from the typewriter of a Hollywood gagman, but from her own alert, well-ordered mind, sharp and straight into the phony stuffed shirts of her targets. As a member of Congress, ambassador and tribune of the people, she has served her countrymen with insight, resolution and elegance.

And in this new episode of the New York senatorial ruckus (see "Focus On"), Mrs. Luce has once more displayed what in her is a perennial quality; her unpretentious, never-failing courage, above and beyond the duty assigned to her sex, or either sex. In a scrap she always proves to be a tough and disconcerting opponent, because her backbone shows no tendency to bend to the prevailing winds of opinion and pressure, from quarters high or low. Even so in New York these three weeks past. She refused to stand by passively as the Rockefeller clique initiated a sabotage operation against the Goldwater-Miller ticket, declining to place the Goldwater-Miller electors on the Conservative line—sole means to garner tens of thousands of pro-Goldwater New Yorkers who will not pull the lever of a Rockefeller-Javits party—and permitting Senator Keating to withhold support from his party's Presidential nominee. To block that scuttle and expose what was going on to full public gaze, Mrs. Luce announced for the Senate on the Conservative ticket, and held on defiantly in the face of blasts that would have dislodged a mountain goat. Whether her bold assault will win its full objective, and put New York pro-Goldwater supporters—Republican *and* Conservative—on the high road, we do not know as we go to press. But we toast, now, her gay and gallant battle.

A Campaign Present for Lyndonbird

We note that even the leaks are Texas-size in LBJ Washington. No mere phrases dropped at a cocktail party or gossip spread in the washroom. Fifty thousand secret words of Jack Ruby's testimony siphoned from the Warren Commission to Dorothy Kilgallen and the Hearst press. Now a forty-five page Most Secret paper by Willard Matthias for CIA's supreme National Estimates Board: leaked to the *Chicago Tribune*, but then publicly released by CIA when it "became aware" that the *Tribune* had the paper and was going to publish it. Curious, somehow. You can't help thinking this Matthias episode may be a plant, not a leak. But who did the planting? The Administration itself? In principle, that would seem most likely. But in the specific case, it isn't so plausible that a Democratic White House would choose the arch-Republican *Tribune* to leak to. Then, the document itself: a totally pessimistic estimate of the Vietnamese war and a recommendation that we seek "neutralization." Why would the White House want that leaked at just this time, when LBJ is trying to exploit his "firmness" in the Tonkin air strike to touch up the public impression—confirmed as "his major handicap" in a survey last week by Samuel Lubbell—that he is soft, shifting and weak? It's puzzling. Might the leak have come through a dissident determined to let the American public know what is planned for Southeast Asia, come an LBJ victory in November?

As for the Matthias analysis itself, made shortly after the June Honolulu conference on Vietnam, it merely confirms what NATIONAL REVIEW wrote at that time and repeated after the Tonkin affair: that the Administration was not making a strategic turn toward a serious policy, but only mounting a few minor military moves and a number of threats in an attempt to hold on until November, thereafter to head for neutralization as a cover for defeat and withdrawal. It begins to look as if even holding until November may not be possible on the present strategic premises. The Vietcong moves with impunity through the countryside. The cities are engulfed in riots that have shifted into open anti-Americanism. Khanh is on his way out, and there is no meaningful successor. There are signs that South Vietnam is on the brink of that utter social collapse into which a country can founder beyond piecing together.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Lyndon and the South

► For the past ten days, Lyndon Johnson has devoted his considerable energies to the political reclamation of the South. The once-solid South, the South that backed Lyndon Johnson as Vice President in 1960, has been split wide open by the astonishingly powerful challenge of Sen. Barry Goldwater. The labored dispute between the Mississippi Freedom Party and the regular Democratic organization over that state's 24 convention votes is symptomatic of the problems which now beset LBJ and to which no universally acceptable solution can be found. LBJ was backed into a corner on the question of seating Mississippi and on the question of the loyalty oath futilely demanded of Alabama. He was asked by the North, on one hand, to ratify his newly-acquired Liberalism and, on the other, to reconfirm his cautionary constitutionalism by the South. He could not, obviously, oblige on both counts. What emerged from the credentials dispute is the certainty that LBJ—if not publicly, at Convention City—will have to seek an accommodation with the Old South as one of his top political priorities.

A week ago Saturday, on the eve of the Convention, LBJ invited the Democratic governors of the Southern states to share with him a summer day at the White House. Lyndon was sublimely confident. He would, he informed the governors, carry all but four of the Southern states (Florida, Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina) and he might pick up two of those. The governors of Florida and South Carolina did not miss the point; they had been asked by the President to exert their maximum energies to keep their states in the Democratic column. The point was not lost either upon the governors of Mississippi and Alabama, nor upon the governors of Arkansas and Louisiana—for they had all four declined LBJ's invitation, as, many observers expect, their constituents may reject LBJ's candidacy on November 3rd.

To Reapportion Or Not

► Another indication that LBJ seeks a *modus vivendi* with the South has been his sensitive handling of the reapportionment issue. Reapportionment—what, if anything, to do about the Supreme Court decision imposing a strict one-man-one-vote formula on both houses of bicameral state legislatures—is the hottest issue in this steaming city. Sentiment in Congress is overwhelmingly in favor of some action to nullify or postpone the effects of the Court's decision. But there has been little agreement on just what action to take. Support has now polarized around two proposals: 1) the Tuck Bill, recently passed by the House, which would virtually deny to the Supreme Court all authority to review a case involving legislative apportionment or redistricting, and 2) the Dirksen Amendment to the foreign aid bill which would suspend compliance with the court ruling until January 1, 1966.

The Tuck Bill is surprisingly tough. It implicitly reprimands the Court for usurping constitutional prerogatives reserved elsewhere and explicitly reaffirms the right of the several states to determine the composition of their own legislative bodies. The Dirksen rider merely grants time to the Congress and the states to consider, and ratify if they so desire, a constitutional amendment providing that representation in one house of each state legislature can be based on factors other than population.

LBJ, it is said, is opposed to both proposals; but, in deference to the South, is now prepared to swallow the Dirksen rider as the lesser of two evils. To that end, he will acquiesce in a post-convention drive by Senate Republicans and Southern Democrats to shut off the pocket filibuster by Northern Liberals against the Dirksen proposal. Six months ago, it seems safe to say, LBJ would not have traded Senator Joseph Clark—the filibuster's leader—for Senator Strom Thurmond, the Southern Democrat who is doing his best to choke off debate.

The President will continue to titillate his Southern "neighbors" with reminders of his impressively segregationist credentials: the bland civil rights plank he okayed for the campaign platform was a dramatic case in point. For LBJ has set as his ultimate political goal a victory over Barry Goldwater by a margin exceeding FDR's humiliation of Alf Landon in 1936. He cannot realize that goal without the South.

Back to Milledgeville

► Adjournment of the 88th Congress, anticipated soon after the Democratic convention, will close one of the grandest careers in congressional history. Rep. Carl Vinson, veteran of Capitol Hill for nearly half a century, and chairman of the House Armed Services Committee for 33 years, will retire to his farm in Milledgeville. The monument he leaves in Washington is the huge defense establishment which he, more than any other man, developed.

He was one of the last of the committee patriarchs. He ran his committee like a prep school Latin instructor. Reporters were silent and apologetic, speaking only when spoken to. Freshmen congressmen, whose names Vinson could never get straight, were dressed down for the slightest deviation from obsequiousness. It sometimes seemed as if they would ask to be excused from the room, but, whatever their intentions, they rarely had a chance to make them known.

In a recent session, a young Republican congressman suggested an amendment to a bill under consideration. Ranking Republican member Leslie Arends informed him that it would be futile to bring it up. Before the young congressman could object, Vinson interjected, "Mr. Schweiker, when you have been here as long as Mr. Arends, you will understand why. Let us now proceed to vote down Mr. Schweiker's amendment." The committee, Carl Vinson's committee, proceeded to do just that. **—CATO**

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Atlantic City Without the Girls

. . . is not so hot, says the author, as he watched sadsack delegates carry out orders from on High. Democrats at work, perhaps, but not democracy

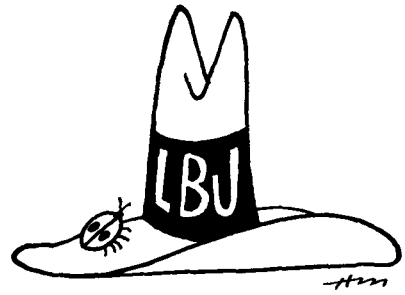
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Atlantic City, Sunday: The action hasn't started, and probably won't. There is suspense on the question who will be Vice President, but unless President Johnson selects Bull Connor, the Convention is not likely to come to life. So what if it is Humphrey? So what if it is Senator McCarthy? So what if it is Mike Mansfield (they are talking about him in the corridors). Goodness knows, although we all try, it is not possible to tell what kind of a President a man will actually be, based only on his past record. Only four years ago Lyndon Johnson, hero of the forthcoming event, was being roundly denounced by many of the people who are here acclaiming him, because he was ideologically underdeveloped. In January of 1960 Senator Gore tried to wrest the leadership away from him in Congress. A few months later the labor leaders said they would not have him. Today they love him. Tomorrow they may or may not love Humphrey, McCarthy, Mansfield: it does not make very much difference, and it is generally thought that with Bobby Kennedy out of the way, there is no chance at all that any Vice Presidential candidate will wag the dog at the Convention. It is LBJ's show, and his will will be done here in anticipation, it is thought, of his will's being done in the rest of the country.

Atlantic City is well suited for the coronation of Uncle Cornpone. It is a resort without flavor, but with a well developed flair for celebrating its mediocrity. The Convention Hall is so large, it might have been grown in Texas. The organ is the largest. So will be the oratory. And needless to say the Platform will, as ever, be the usual cornucopia, serving the needs of every appetite of man, and where appetites are caught lacking, they will be stimulated. A lengthy preamble to the platform lists the infinite series of accomplishments of the Democratic Party, and the infinite list of things yet to be done. My favorite is "Expand the Peace Corps." And why not? One must bear in mind that the expansion of federal activity is a form of eating for politicians. And in an affluent society, one does not tighten one's belt, although it is something else again to tighten the other man's. No one will suggest at the Convention that the other man, in our incestuous society, is you.

NATIONAL REVIEW *went to press several hours before the renomination of Lyndon Johnson and the selection of the Vice Presidential candidate. The following are the dispatches received, until our deadline, from Wm. F. Buckley Jr. in Atlantic City.*

It will be a routine affair, then, by and large. But we shall have high jinks wherever we go. It does, after all, generate a little electricity to put Bull Connor (he is national committeeman from Alabama, would you believe it), and Hubert Humphrey together in the same room, ostensibly to make common cause. A representative is here from the Republican underworld, determined to make a demonstration in behalf of Bobby Baker for Vice President. Unlike others, who are disposed to careening about in an aphorism, simply to hit and run, this fellow plans to make his point about Bobby Baker irrepressibly, day in day out, and is likely to go beyond the point where the joke is stale, back to where it becomes a true source of amusement, because it engages one of the really phony undercurrents of LBJ's copy-book incorruptibility. Then too, the Kennedy crowd, though they are for Johnson, miss greatly their fallen hero, who gave them a sense of style, which Uncle Cornpone simply cannot duplicate. The pages of the official Democratic Platform are full of advertisements (a clear violation of the law, which the Attorney General conveniently waived, on one pretext or another), and containing the one millionth elegiac on Mr. Kennedy, including an article by that old nonpartisan historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., no longer very important in Democratic parts, but with a dream to cherish, for all the rest of his life, that was a dream which others shared with him four years ago, many of whom went for Kennedy thinking that here was a man who would transubstantiate politics. A week or so after being elected, the transcendentalist staged an impressive testimonial dinner for the old mountebank Adam Clayton Powell Jr.



That is hardly the way to feed idealists' dreams about men who are above politics, but myths die hard, and Oswald saw to it that this one would never die. LBJ is said to be disturbed about this myth which moves always ahead of him, and hopes to catch up with it by giving Senator Goldwater the soundest drubbing any Presidential candidate ever got. The Democratic Convention is merely a staging area for November 3, and General Johnson will find it convenient to rally his troops here. They are in a docile mood and, no doubt, will permit themselves to be thoroughly impressed.

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Monday: Senator John O. Pastore is in the tradition of Convention keynoters who are expected, like diplomats, to go out and lie for their country. "Lie" is used here with as much affection and toleration as one can summon, in describing the great shills that dominate the political scene, here and, alas, just about everywhere. Senator Pastore brought the Convention to its feet by declaring that indeed "God did bless America on that day four years ago at Los Angeles, when John F. Kennedy said 'I need you, Lyndon Johnson.'" The spectators were precisely invited to think Heavenly thoughts, at least insofar as these relate to the Democratic Party. (Elsewhere in their Platform, the Democrats denounced guilt by association.) One doesn't think at conventions, whether Democratic or Republican: one enthuses. And it is still permissible to enthuse about God at Convention Hall, since this is certainly not a schoolroom, and there is no danger that the great gavel of Earl Warren will intrude to warn against the union of Church and State. If God gave us Lyndon Johnson, why then maybe it could also be said He gave us Earl Warren? The problem in logic, anyway, is certainly nothing that would tax the argumentative ingenuity of the Chief Justice.

What did Senator Pastore say? He said that thanks to the Democratic Party this is the greatest, most peaceful, happiest, strongest, richest country in the world. Those who favor greatness, peace, happiness, strength, and richness will vote for LBJ FOR THE USA. That last phrase, by the way, which you will be hearing again and again in the weeks to come, reputedly cost the Democratic Party one million dollars, paid to a great public relations phrasemaker. Senator Pastore's own phrase committing God to the Democratic Party was free, at least in the currency of this world. Who knows what it may cost him in the next.

The developing line is much as one thought: peace and prosperity. What do the Republicans want, the Senator intoned, when they speak of wanting a clear choice? "Do they mean the repeal of the minimum wage law? Do they mean to weaken the unions in America under the pretext of their so-called right-to-work law? Do they mean we should withdraw from the Atlantic Alliance? . . . withdraw from the United Nations? . . . turn the clock back?" Rhetorical questions were born to be asked at national political conventions.

But one must admit, in fairness to the Senator, that sometimes it does almost appear as though there had been a little Divine coordination going on. The country's economy is booming, and the nation is technically at peace. It is suggested that the economy booms because every morning before breakfast President Johnson gets up and produces a hundred thousand cars, a million refrigerators, and a billion ears of corn. And we have peace. And if peace inexactly describes the conditions that prevail in South Vietnam and in Cuba, in the Congo and Zanzibar, and everywhere else that the Communists meet to plot, the fault is that of Republican extremists who fan the flames of hatred, and prevent the Democrats from superintending the peace they charted at Teheran and Yalta, Potsdam and South Korea, Berlin and the Bay of Pigs.

It is sometimes necessary to sloganize the political order if only to maintain one's sanity. Factional politics is an opiate, as necessary to occasional serenity of the mind as sleep is for the health of the body. A national convention is where judgments and discrimination are officially suspended (unless the convention features a Goldwater, in which case everyone is supposed to react as keenly, as questioningly, as skeptically, as students of Socrates at a session with the master in his garden). Gaiety in our time demands, after all, a considerable exercise in spiritual isolationism. Senator Pastore is a good man, and he could not have exulted at Atlantic City in good conscience, if he were required to meditate on the way the average Cuban spent the evening, even as he spoke; or if he had to reflect on the infinity of despair the Chinese face, and the Poles, and Russians. "If it could be proved that God wrote the foreign policy of the Democratic Party during the postwar years," these people would be overheard saying to each other, "then the Communists are right: there is no God."

Tuesday: There is much talk in these parts about the dignity of man, and it is only left for a delegate to this convention to propose that in the long list of people who are, by act of the Democratic Party, to be made beneficiaries of Dignity, the Convention include delegates to political conventions. One wonders how the delegates can square what is going on with the self-esteem to which, even as Democratic officials, they are presumably entitled.

At every corner in Atlantic City newspaper reporters, opinion-makers, opinion-regurgitators, politicians, nabobs, exhibitionists, hermits, and salt-water taffy vendors run around asking each other: "What's going on?" Some who are asked that question deem it a tax on their ingenuity, and presto they will give you the latest piece of current speculation. Others, individualists, will roll their own. No one I have yet heard ask the question, or attempt an answer to it, has ever suggested that Democratic delegates might have an answer. They are as irrelevant, at this proceeding, as cattle at a beef auction. The delegates are not only here to be seen and not heard—there are not even ripples of life from them, let alone of irritation. One cannot get any idea of the sense of Democratic opinion out over the land from talking to them. If you were to ask a delegate whom would he truly like to see as Vice President, he would faint at the implied invitation to presumption. Nothing matters here, absolutely nothing, except the word of LBJ, which is, when you come to think of it, a strange evolution in the democratic way of life, at the hands of the Democratic Party.

The observation has often been made that conventions are notoriously rigged, that they are dominated by

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (August 25)

Franklin

A LETTER TO HIS SISTER

When they have long lived in a house it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it as the tortoise with his shell; they die if you tear them out of it; old folks and old trees, if you remove them, 'tis ten to one that you kill them.

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bosses, that they have as their principal function merely to ratify the decisions that have already been reached by their leaders. But there seems to be something rather new about the state of automation which the delegates here assembled have arrived at. It suggests, come to think of it, one of the features of our evolving social situation which American conservatives are especially alarmed about. Here at work is the aloof Omnipotence who makes decisions involving us without consulting us, without taking us into his confidence, without—and here is the final indignity—so much as suggesting that it is our role to act as sentient beings, to weigh alternatives, and arrive at decisions on the basis of the operation of our own intelligence. The great lure of power is sufficient to make even such independently-minded persons as Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy pathetic and contemptible in their unctuous concern for the favor of the master. No postulant in any Miss America contest ever preened more abjectly before a panel of judges than these men, who want to be President of the United States (yes—they view the Vice Presidency as a way-station, pure and simple), are doing, hoping to attract the harem-keeper's eye to their uniquely alluring specifications. And Lyndon Johnson's timing is supremely arrogant: he does not seem to care at all that the entire world is awaiting his decision. He wishes all the world to know that he and only he will decide, in his own time, who is the people's choice . . . and there's the rub. Because, increasingly, The People, and himself, have merged in his own mind into one happy identity. "The People" has become a term convenient in Democratic rhetoric for saying "LBJ."

It is curious how autocratic the professional democratists can be. Those who are naturally aristocratic—one thinks of Adlai Stevenson—often feel that they can actually afford to consult the people, as Adlai Stevenson did in 1956 when he asked the delegates to decide for themselves who should be nominated as Vice President. It may be that Lyndon Johnson's refusal to grant the Convention any shred of independence has to do with an innate sense of insecurity. Perhaps he remembers that only four years ago substantially the same group of people turned him down for someone more glamorous, more exciting—more self-assured. Freedom and dignity are something that the Democratic Party desires abstractly for Negroes. Not for convention delegates.

Wednesday: Atlantic City is said to have paid $600,000 to the Democratic Party to persuade it to hold its convention here. The deed was done well over a year ago and was approved by John Kennedy. One of the first things Lyndon Johnson did on becoming President, Mr. Frank Conniff of the Hearst Press has revealed, was to try to change the site of this weary scenario to another city, a city of greater class. It was too late: Atlantic City had already undertaken to air-condition its enormous Convention Hall at a cost of two million dollars, and there was nothing to be done about it, even though Johnson remained distinctly unhappy at the *mise-en-scène* for his coronation. Queen Elizabeth could walk through Atlantic City and be untouched by its tawdriness. Uncle Cornpone can't: the salt-water taffy, instead of curtseying, tends to stick to him; Sally Rand, who would-you-believe-it, is still disrobing for the boys, does an extra can-can in his honor, and the perennial flagpole sitter (he is trying to break his own record of 77 days and has now reached 62), will add another day to his silly ordeal—but all of this is not in the spirit in which the juggler juggled for Our Lady. Atlantic City is not paying homage to LBJ. It is simply cashing in on a $600,000 misunderstanding.

The City might wish it hadn't lured the big show down this way. Too much copy is being written about the place. The merchants, to be sure, are uniformly pleasant. At the little Mayfair Hotel, for instance, the management receives you as if you were a beloved cousin come to town for an unexpected few days. The people of Atlantic City are not responsible for the ineffable vulgarity of the place, which even the healing sea cannot cleanse. I give you as an example a couplet from a poem engraved on a huge plastic canvas, yours for only $3.98, available at many of the boardwalk stores, which is a rendition of a message recently transmitted through the heavenly ether waves by Jack to Jackie: "Little Patrick asks to say Hi/I love you, I am happy, so please don't cry." I cannot imagine anything more certain to make Jackie cry than the thought that there are people who buy, let alone sell, such items (one wonders: why don't the Kennedys do something about the vulgarization of their handsome myth?). The customer gets what he wants, and what the customer evidently wants is Atlantic City the way it is, with only a single memorable restaurant, no attractive outdoor cafés, an architectural chaos which, to the extent it favors any single style at all, seems to favor a sort of crypto-Byzantine; and now a brand new skyscraper hotel which looks as though it had been prefabbed by Sears Roebuck, rising, moreover, straight up in the way of the striking, glamorous Absecon Lighthouse which for generations was a trademark of the city. It will no longer be generally visible unless one contrives to infiltrate around the edge of the hotel that engulfs it, or drives right down Pacific Avenue under the Lighthouse's nose.

The delegates, as I have remarked, are very bored, and feel very useless, and were delighted at the momentary excitement caused by the walkout of the Mississippi delegation. The press, as witness these dispatches, is comatose; and has a lot to be comatose about. And Big Daddy Bird is reputedly very pleased, very confident, in this the best of all possible worlds—which wouldn't have been possible, nossuh, without the help of Mommy Bird, and Lynda, and Luci, and one hundred billion dollars a year to spend.

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The Third World War

The Perils of Under-Simplification

JAMES BURNHAM

One of the frequent charges brought against Barry Goldwater is of over-simplification. We live, according to the indictment, in a complicated world. The issues that confront us are not black or white but various shades of gray. We must make subtle distinctions and graduated responses. It is not only ignorant but dangerous to present matters as if it were just a simple question of one thing or the other, Yes or No.

This criticism is effective in reinforcing anti-Goldwater attitudes and is often troubling to pro-Goldwater inclinations. It reflects a confusion basic to the Liberal syndrome—between knowledge and choice, intellect and will—and a semantic confusion, also, between "simple" and "easy."

There is no doubt that our world is a complicated place—though this is nothing peculiar to our age. But however complicated our world may be as examined by our intellect, it doesn't follow that our choices are in that same degree complicated. In point of fact, the most important choices are, usually, stark and simple. They are not for that reason easy; it is their very simplicity that makes them so difficult. It is just *because* the important choices come down to plain black or white, Yes or No, that we have such a painful time over them. We seize on the "complications," we manufacture complications, as straws to keep us afloat a while longer in the seas of indecision, as if the final act of choice were a plunge into depths that might drown us—and so, indeed, it is. The catalogue of "complications" is, very often, only a means of postponing indefinitely the act of choice.

These phenomena are familiar to all of us from our personal lives. To marry *X* or not marry *X*; to take the job or decline it; to buy the house or not to buy it—what could be simpler, and harder? Any man is deluding himself badly if he imagines he can uncover all the complications, all the subtle shadings, that will prove beyond doubt that this girl out of so many million girls is the ideal girl for me, this the job sure to make my fortune, this house first among all possible houses. At some point I've just got to take the plunge, for better or worse. And if I'm a little quick on the trigger in some cases, well, I'll be a good deal better off than if I can never make up my mind, one way or the other, about pulling it.

Make Up Your Mind, Boy

An election nowadays is a complicated affair, no one will deny. But when you get in the booth, it is just this man or that man, this party or that. "There is no substitute for victory," said General MacArthur in one of the epoch's most famous simplifications. Was it an *over*-simplification? Think it through, and it will not seem so. In a struggle, no matter how involved, you're going to win, lose or draw; and most times a draw is only a postponement for a win or lose. That's what it comes down to. We'll either phase out manned bombers or we won't; there is much to be said on both sides, but we can't have both sides, and there'll be no bombers before many years if we don't decide *now*, or pretty soon, to build some new ones. Are we going to aim at military domination of aerospace? We can't get out of that hard and simple choice by allocating the moon program to a civilian agency and signing a UN pledge not to arm space vehicles. If we don't deliberately set about winning aerospace, we will in inevitable effect lose it; we will have made our simple choice, by default.

Our policymakers often pretend to us, and perhaps to themselves, that, because things are not black or white but complicated grays, our government does not take sides in this or that international dispute: between Indonesia and the Netherlands, Algeria and France, Castro and Batista, India and Pakistan, Israel and the Arabs. In practice it turns out that we *have*, nonetheless, taken sides, often enough the wrong side, but ineffectively, and without getting the potential benefits that a firm partisanship can bring.

There was nothing complicated in the issue posed on the morrow of Congolese independence: it was simply for or against Tshombe's Katanga regime as the base for development of a Congolese state. But we insisted on under-simplifying. We complicated our choice with subtle considerations about the UN, the new Africa, the Third World, anti-colonialism and what-not. So we helped produce not a state but a shambles. What is or ever has been complicated about *policy* in Vietnam? Implementation is most difficult, but the policy issue has never been anything other than: either move in with enough force to smash the Vietcong or get out. It is under-simplification that has led to today's all but insurmountable chaos.

The Main Line

War and politics are seldom decided by the fine points. It is the fundamental choice, the basic strategy, the main line that usually determines the outcome. There was nothing complicated about Lenin's goal in Russia or Mao's in China or Castro's in Cuba. These are men who have known how to say Yes or No; who, having said A, say B. Better Red than Dead: is this true or not true? Do you agree or disagree? That's simple enough. And that's the way it really is: not, "This fails to make important distinctions," or "In what sense, exactly, do you mean 'Red' and 'dead,'?" or "Under just what circumstances, and do you refer to society or the individual?" All that embroidery is beside the controlling point. Come, now: Better Red than Dead, Yes or No?

For a long time our foreign policy has been, in essence, an evasion of reality. This is understandable, because the international reality is very unpleasant. How much nicer to speak of "liberating Angola" instead of the unspeakable butcheries of March 15, 1961; or "coexistence" and "convergence" instead of the struggle for survival; of "cultural exchange" instead of psychological warfare. "Over-simplifying" is sometimes the only way, these days, to take a look at reality.

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The Wonderful World of Hubert

Lyndon Johnson's running-mate got his basic economics from the Dakota dustbowl era. What he learned then may cost us dear now—if he is elected

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota has always had a secret weapon: his opposition seldom takes him seriously until it is too late.

At the risk of being invidious, let us begin with his looks. His brow is broad, one might say Roman, his chin is strong, but there is something about the curve from nose to chin that is soft, a concave interval between the convexities that suggests an almost baby-food blandness. It is not until the Senator swings into real oral combat that the whole face becomes assertive. The blandness conceals something stronger—and, to conservatives and old-fashioned Liberals, something decidedly dangerous.

Many people have been surprised by Humphrey. Who would have thought to see an ADAer one heartbeat from the Presidency? Back in 1960 the pollsters in Wisconsin were surprised when he whittled Jack Kennedy's lead to proportions that could be claimed by Humphreyites as at least a moral victory for their man. Before that there was Nikita S. Khrushchev, who obviously tried to use the touring ADA Senator when he invited him to the Kremlin for a little chat that lasted for eight-and-one-half hours. Looking at it one way, Khrushchev was well recompensed for the time he spent with the country boy from the American Middle West: at least the message that Humphrey brought home to Eisenhower, that Khrushchev would like a bid to visit the United States, was, worse luck, acted upon. It was not until some time after the famous interview that Khrushchev realized he had been a trifle too gabby with Humphrey, whose own gabbiness can be altogether disarming.

In the course of his frankness, Khrushchev had made some slighting remarks about the super-Marxism of Mao Tse-tung's agrarian program—and after Humphrey had passed the remarks on, the response from Peking was jolting. Thus Humphrey, by sowing discord, was manifestly one of the architects of the current split in the Red world. The lad from Minnesota had Khrushchev as a peg upon which to hang a reputation for being a first-class reporter in America's interests.

In the U.S. Senate Humphrey has been a continual surprise. His bills are defeated, but they pop up again. His amendments, turned down in a first formulation, come back in other guises. He put over cloture in the civil rights struggle as no other majority leader has succeeded in doing. Dick Russell is still amazed.

The Humphrey success with civil rights recalls a struggle in which he took it on the chin for a long time.

When he was merely mayor of Minneapolis he forced a strong civil rights plank on the Democratic convention at Philadelphia. This provoked the Dixicrat split of 1948. Nobody denied all the time that civil rights made good politics for a young man who hoped to beat incumbent Joe Ball for the Senate in the coming campaign. Civil rights was even then good medicine in the melting pot of Minnesota's Twin Cities.

But there were many prophets who predicted that no Democrat could father such a plank and ever be a contender for his party's Presidential or Vice Presidential nomination. Well, Hubert Humphrey has certainly confounded the prophets. In a way, he helped clear the tracks for Lyndon Johnson, who was converted in the late nineteen-fifties to the view that nobody who refused to support civil rights could expect to become President.

Since Humphrey has a habit of getting his way, conservatives should not take him lightly when he advocates out-New Dealing the New Deal in economic legislation. As his new book, *The Cause Is Mankind,* shows, Humphrey remains in favor of practically any and every inflationary measure that one can think of. Although he talks in favor of tax cuts, he would spend and spend. Where most supporters of the New Deal farm policy regard the agricultural surplus as an unfortunate concomitant of the attempt to keep the farmer happy, Humphrey regards it as a positive good. As a starter he would like to give it all away, to India, to southern Italy, and to poor folk in American cities by way of food-stamp plans. This would be one way of getting the surplus off our backs, but Humphrey wouldn't stop there. He wants the "abundance" to continue—and his "cure" for American agriculture is to legislate a calculated overproduction.

At the University of Minnesota—he graduated *magna cum laude*—Humphrey studied political science with good Fabians. He has been a teaching fellow at Louisiana State University, where he wrote a master's thesis called *The Philosophy of the New Deal.* Whatever his knowledge of political principles, he certainly knows politics as a practical matter. His recipe is to "get around, meet a lot of people, and get them involved." He also claims to know economics, not only from the

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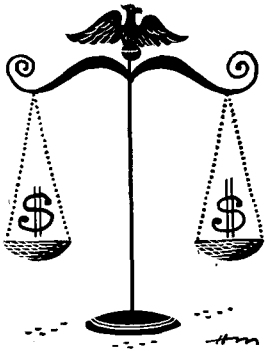
textbook standpoint but by virtue of having lived through the thirties in a dustbowl region.

By all the tests of his own early experience, Humphrey should be a stalwart advocate of Emersonian self-reliance. His father, a prairie Bryanite (later a Wilsonian) known as Dad Humphrey, was the town druggist in Doland, South Dakota (pop., 500). With its single block and its grain elevators, Doland is one of those communities that represent a few seconds' pause to an automobile driver bent on getting west over the flat, dry landscape at seventy miles an hour, but it yielded a living to the Humphrey family in the twenties, when farmers were not particularly well-to-do. Aided by his sons Ralph and Hubert, who grew up mixing milkshakes and dispensing cascara and sodium bicarbonate, Dad Humphrey was a local pioneer in the business of making the drug store both a universal emporium and a social center. To install the radios marketed by Humphrey's Drug Store, young Hubert—or Pinky, as he was known to his schoolmates—became a good "roof man," climbing with abandon to string the wires. Later, in Minneapolis, he helped pay for his first flyers in municipal politics by acting as manager and janitor of an apartment building. He could mend anything, an unusual attribute for Minnesota's great modern wordsmith.

Confusion of Categories

Now if Hubert Humphrey had the opportunity to learn anything about "practical economics" from personal experience, it was the lesson of self-help. Nobody told Dad Humphrey he had to situate his drug business in South Dakota towns like Wallace and Doland and Huron, where the pickings even in good years were bound to be lean. But Dad Humphrey got along, even managing to spare Hubert for two years of study at the University of Minnesota and for a pharmacology course in Colorado before the depression interrupted the boy's educational dreams.

When a long, concentrated dry spell hit the Dakotas in the thirties, the farmers around Doland and Huron had a right to presume that the malevolence of nature was sometimes beyond the coping of individuals. Even so, young Hubert drew the wrong economic deductions from an admittedly disruptive experience. Reviewing his early years, he says, "I learned more about economics from one South Dakota dust storm than I did in all my years in college." Nobody would deny that a dust storm can affect farm yields and is therefore an economic fact. But it is even more a fact of ecology—and the "economics" of the ecological is a warning: it is poor business judgment to expect Illinois or Wisconsin growing



weather forever in a region where dry cycles have always returned. To argue that aid is necessary in a natural catastrophic upheaval is one thing—but to assume that one has a right to permanent underwriting in an economic operation is another.

What Hubert Humphrey "learned" from his dust storm, then, was simply a confusion of the categories which a decent college course in logic might have taught him to avoid. Logic should tell anyone that "economics" and "catastrophe," though they may coincide when nature howls, are not always the same subject. But as the supposedly mature Humphrey preaches his Liberalism up and down the nation today, everything is a "catastrophe" requiring government aid. Life itself is a catastrophe, and everybody should get crutches for free.

The young Hubert Humphrey, hungering for learning, read his father's book on Woodrow Wilson in off moments at the store and scrabbled for his university fees by tending a drug counter evenings in Minneapolis. Because of the depression he postponed his last two years of college until after his marriage to Muriel Buck of Huron, a canny girl who was willing to work while her husband swatted for his Phi Beta key. So what? So it becomes catastrophic—like a dust storm—when young people in the 1960s have to find their own ways to education in a society that is far more affluent than the one in which Hubert Humphrey managed to get what he wanted from books. Humphrey would apply "massive doses" of education not through local initiative but by giving it away from Washington D.C.

One of Humphrey's ancient bills was legislation for a Water Pollution Control Act that would give matching funds to communities for the construction of sewage disposal plants. To oppose Humphrey on this was, in his estimation, equivalent to voting *for* pollution. It has never occurred to our dust-storm economist that if the federal suction apparatus were not busy drawing the lifeblood of communities into Washington there would be no need for the central bureaucracy to provide sewage treatment machinery for Hometown, U.S.A. Ditto for all the things that Humphrey would like to funnel through the pumping station of the Federal Government.

. . . and of Solutions

With Humphrey, it's always been "human rights" versus "states' rights" or "property rights." But the humanity—or the "idealism"—of trying to solve everything by the simple expedient of giving-from-the-top (the most expensive way of giving, by the way) ignores the whole question of individual motivation. Humphrey forced his way up in the world because he had challenge and was forced to respond. The world he looks to see created by his own type of Liberalism would be a world without challenge—and, by the same token, a world without response. Humphrey likes people, but he doesn't know what makes people strong.

This is the dead-end of the Midwestern Populism that animated his father and that even sent Floyd Olson, Humphrey's fiery predecessor in Minnesotan Liberalism, to the barricades to make Farmer-Laborism the dominant power in the near Northwest. It is a far cry from the Populism of the Fighting Bob La Follette-George Norris era, when all that a Wisconsin or a Nebraska or a Dakota farmer asked for was the right to ship his goods to market at rates

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that contained no discrimination, and the right to buy manufactured goods from the urban East at a non-monopolistic price. The old La Follettean Populist wanted a world without favoritism. He did not ask for a regime of favoritism-turned-inside-out.

Young Bob La Follette, conscientious son of Fighting Bob, killed himself when he saw that Populism had turned Gimme. But Hubert Humphrey, less philosophical, has been willing to take the dead-end dregs of a movement as the real thing.

Humphrey has been called a "yakker," and a perennial crack is that he was vaccinated with a phonograph needle. In analyzing the man's speeches, one is struck by their quality of repetition. "The world," he says, "does not need massive retaliation, but massive doses of health and food, and education." How true, one muses. But it is the truth that consists of posing a problem, not solving it. How to create a peace in the "massive" world of Khrushchev and Mao and Castro, and how to spread health, and food, and education without creating a gigantic inflationary machine that will involve the community in ultimate pall and ruin, is something that Humphrey's dust-storm "economics" does not fathom. He would "strike a balance between public and private investment and between private and social consumption" by giving "national purposes" a "high priority" through the "budget." All of this without serious reflection on what "public investment" might do to "private investment," and all of this without a thought for the sheer ugly compulsion involved in putting "national purposes" and "high priorities" over on the minorities, both big and small, that may dissent from them.

It's all so very slick. Grants for old people for medicine, grants to increase social security, grants to cover longer terms of unemployment, grants to spread our food supplies through food-stamp plans, grants to the states for school buildings, grants to cities to raze old structures, grants to the farmers to enable them to pile up higher surpluses that will demand more food-stamp plans, grants to rehabilitate old freighters and to load them with grains and medicines for India and Ghana, grants to Massachusetts communities to enable them to make a transit from textiles to electronics (which is something that happens quite easily without grants)—just grants, grants, grants. That is Humphrey. He is grant-happy, which is synonymous with being a modern statesman. The question of grants involves taxes, which Humphrey *thinks* he is not trying to dodge. He subscribes to the theory that a bigger volume of business taxed at lower rates will take care of a thousand government needs. But Humphrey never concedes that spending should at least be held level if tax cuts are really to take hold in the economy. He speaks of "closing the loopholes" through which "billions of dollars" escape. But the "loopholes" are always old clichés, such as mining and oil depletion allowances. And Lyndon Johnson will hardly cut such allowances.

In West European countries and in Britain they have seen the type of world which "grantism" creates. It is a gray world in which young men are angry without knowing why they are angry. West Europe has reacted dramatically against its own Fabianism-at-a-dead-end, and even Britishers have entered some mild protests and voted in polls for the privilege of "opting out" of state social insurance schemes. But in the U.S., Populism-at-a-dead-end still commands wide reaches of the Democratic Party. Goldwater Republicanism is a symbol of a will to regeneration, but to Hubert Humphrey, still enmeshed in grantism, Barry Goldwater is just a character in an Eighteenth Century-Fox film. By this token, Humphrey is a harbinger of inflation—and a man very much to be feared.

For Whom the Bell Telephone Tolls

Once upon a time there was a man who was one day won over to
the concept of cradle-to-the-grave security.
He had been down on his luck for the past year or so anyway
and, besides, had heard that life was supposed to begin
at furity,
And he was all of that what with stiff joints and varicose
And his inability to read the telephone book if he
held it up variclose.
So he held his arms out as far as possible and flipped the
pages until
He came to the letter L which, as everybody knows, is the
first letter of the word Liberil.
Well, there were a lot of committees and agencies and things
listed beneath this word,
Including some of which he had never hord,
Like The Fair-Play-For-Fair-Play Group,
And The There-Isn't-Anything-To-Which-We-Won't-Stoop-
To-Keep-The-Power League,
Which obviously is the kind of agency given to beague,
Long titles, thought our friend,
Whose eyesight was rapidly coming to an end.
So he borrowed a dime from a passing conservative, dropped it
in the slot
And got
A recorded announcement which said,
"Drop daid!"
And it caught his trusting heart so much by surprise that
that is exactly what he did,
Poor kid.

Johannes Eff

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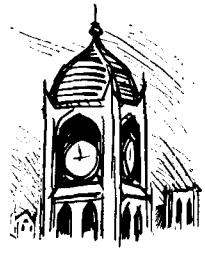
Letter from London

British Politics and Goldwater

ANTHONY LEJEUNE



No one could say that I have been blind to the ubiquitous power of the Liberal Establishment and its grip, in Britain no less than in America, on the newspapers and television: but even I have been startled and rather frightened by the viciousness and unanimity of its response to Goldwater. The *Times*, the *Sunday Times*, and the BBC, all of which pride themselves on their public spirit and lofty impartiality, have been the very worst. The *Times* abandoned all pretense at keeping news coverage separate from editorial comment; its long, prominently displayed reports from San Francisco were positively hysterical. The *Sunday Times* ran its analysis of the voting under the headline "Goldwater Annihilates Reason." The BBC commentator said that a victory for Goldwater would be "a victory for ignorance, prejudice and extremism." Extracts from Goldwater's speeches were almost invariably followed by a warning that "many people" regard him as highly dangerous.

It is not surprising, therefore, that even right-wing Conservatives in Britain tend to regard Goldwater as (in the words of one of them) "rather a horror." I heard one young man say, waving his arms about excitedly: "If Goldwater becomes President, it will be the end of the world—quite literally, the end of the world." And no one was disposed to disagree with him. I have not met a single person with a kind word for Goldwater, and I do not move in left-wing circles.

Incredulity gave way to shock, shock to outrage. The British commentators followed, copied and magnified the reactions of their American counterparts. First we were told that it couldn't happen, then we were told that the delegates at San Francisco had "closed minds" and were steeped in "Goldwater prejudice," then we were told that the worst had indeed happened, but that it was only a clique of professional manipulators who had voted for Goldwater, not rank-and-file Republicans. Floods of tears were shed for Scranton, noble in defeat, and for that good man, Governor Rockefeller, who was cruelly shouted down by fanatics. Eisenhower's hesitant endorsement of the nomination was likened to Hindenburg's support of Hitler.

Only Jean Campbell (who is the late Lord Beaverbrook's granddaughter) suggested that the American press and television were perhaps a trifle prejudiced. They had fought against Goldwater, she admitted, "as though he were the angel Belial himself . . . [But] the propaganda for the moderates did not work."

Attack Foreign Policy

The attack on Goldwater in the British press has concentrated almost exclusively on his foreign policy. He exploits "America's obsession with Communism." He is "an isolationist" and "a menace to the Atlantic Alliance." (That these latter charges are in plain contradiction to everything he says presents no difficulty, because nobody listens to what he says.)

His domestic policies have received only a few contemptuous sentences of dismissal. John Gold, in the *Evening News* (which is a conservative paper), concluded an article politely headed "The Goldwater Nightmare" with this revealing sentence: "So far from being an emetic which will finally purge the U.S. political scene of reactionary extremists, the coming campaign will thrust them into positions of influence in the Republican Party, and dignify their outmoded ideas by subjecting them to national debate." This national debate of "outmoded"—that is unmodish—ideas seems to me perhaps the most valuable aspect of Goldwater's candidature: but what Mr. Gold and all the others like him are saying is that real conservatism is no longer entitled even to consideration, that the door to the right must be permanently closed and all discussion directed leftwards.

When the initial shock had been absorbed, the newspapers began speculating on the effect which "the shadow of Goldwater" would have on the British political scene. Again, Goldwater's declared policies were blandly ignored. The British General Election is scheduled to take place some three weeks before the Presidential election. The Labor Party, most commentators agreed, would be harmed, because its policy of abandoning Britain's independent deterrent meant trusting America, and who could trust Goldwater? Quite so, replied the left-wing writers, but Conservative policy requires America to provide Britain with Polaris missiles, and who knows that Goldwater, in a fit of isolationism, might not cancel the deal?

These arguments, which seem paradoxical in view of the principal complaint that Goldwater is too strongly anti-Communist, have now been largely superseded by the more sophisticated, and probably valid, argument that the Conservatives will benefit for two reasons: first, because Goldwater's nomination has shown that the continuity of American policy cannot be indefinitely guaranteed, and that therefore Britain should keep her independent nuclear capacity; and, second, that Goldwater's policies mean "turbulence" ahead, and the British electorate traditionally prefers to have a Conservative Government at the helm in times of crisis. Whatever may happen in the autumn, the nomination of Barry Goldwater and the storm which followed have been, for me, an exciting and moving experience.

And there are two lessons, an encouragement and a warning, which British conservatives (with a small "c") must take to heart. First, it can be done; a right-wing revival is still possible, the leftward slide is not irreversible; genuine conservatives may still hope to recapture their own party. But if they ever succeed in doing so—and this is the second lesson—they have been shown the ferocity of the attack which they must expect to face.

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The Lesson of the Congo

The Congo is worse off today than it would have been had the UN not intervened, says the author. He hopes the right people draw the right conclusions

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Readers of *NR* may remember that in December 1961 I went to the Congo and on my return reported some facts the UN was trying to hide ["The UN War in Katanga," March 27, 1962]—for instance that its troops (contrary to written promises) had attacked Katanga to conquer it for the central government, while pretending that they were defending themselves against Tshombe's "mercenaries." The UN called me a liar at the time but has since conceded its war guilt. (Conor Cruise O'Brien, then in charge—and since rewarded by the dictator of Ghana, who made him Vice Chancellor of his university—came clean; and the issue became moot after, on its fourth attempt, the UN finally did conquer Katanga for the central government.) Perhaps the UN one day will be compelled to admit as well what everybody who was there knows—that its commanders were unable to control their motley troops, who murdered, robbed and committed other crimes while the UN, to save its "face," prevented investigation, let alone punishment.

The dead cannot be revived. The murderers are not likely to be punished. But now that the UN has finally left the Congo one may ask what it has accomplished there. Is the Congo better off through the UN intervention than it would have been without? Was American policy—which made the UN expedition possible by supporting and financing it—in the American interest? Was anyone benefited by it? Was world peace preserved or fostered by the UN war? Certainly we ought to learn something from so costly an experience. Let's try.

Some comparatively minor, but illustrative, matters first. Early in 1962 I visited a camp, which the UN had established near Elisabethville to house and feed more than 60,000 members of the Baluba tribe (at American expense). The UN was unable (*i.e.*, too incompetent) to police the camp it had established. A reign of terror, featuring almost daily murders, was admittedly instituted by the "Jeunesse Balubakat," a group of hooligans. The life of most inmates was in greater danger inside than outside the camp. But the "Jeunesse Balubakat" threatened anyone who tried to leave and the UN made transportation unavailable. The Balubas had been collected originally by loudspeaker trucks bellowing warnings of the danger threatening from Mr. Tshombe's Lunda tribe and inviting them to the UN protected camp. (By this means we could easily scare all of the Jews—or Japanese, or redheads — in Brooklyn into a federal camp.)

The danger to the Balubas had been invented by Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, the UN chief for Katanga. It disappeared with him; the camp was dissolved, at the insistence, largely, of the International Red Cross, which threatened to spill the UN beans (the Balubas survived). We had fallen for a figment of the fertile imagination of an Irish littérateur misplaced in the position of administrator by the UN.

The responsibility for the episode among the higher echelons of the UN is unlikely ever to be established. The UN has not even determined who gave the first order to attack in Katanga. O'Brien writes—it seems truthfully—that he got the order from higher-ups who deny having given it, and who, in any case, scarcely could have acted on their own. There were, according to those concerned, written instructions to attack. Where are they? It does not seem that anyone in the UN is interested in investigating. Academic historians have been unable to find out anything. The same UN obstructionism defeated a team of the International Red Cross trying to determine *in loco* who shot its representatives. The team found the bodies (which the UN had been unable to find) and ascertained that the lethal shots were fired from UN guns—but was allowed to go no further.

The refusal of the UN to investigate its own activities, or to permit others to do so, to eliminate criminals among its troops, and to fix responsibilities should be discouraging to world government enthusiasts.

Meanwhile the responsibility for our consent to the hoax, or our credulity, has not been established either. It seems to me that the persons in the State Department who fell for the UN lies, and endorsed them over to the American public, ought to enjoy a well deserved retirement. (O'Brien might hire them for the University of Ghana if Harvard should turn out to be overstaffed.) Isn't it time for an investigation?

Opposition Provided

The UN broke its repeated written promises not to intervene in the internal affairs of the Congo by arguing that, unless Katanga were brought back to the fold, there would be a bloody war between the central government army and the Katanga gendarmerie bolstered by "mercenaries." The State Department was convinced that the UN attacks on Katanga were needed to prevent this dire civil war between Katanga and the rest of the Congo. I pointed out

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at the time that, without its Belgian officers, the central government army was a leaderless rabble, obviously incapable of fighting its way in or out of a mosquito net. Wars do require a minimum of two effective armed forces. There was only the Katanga force at the time—until the UN furnished the opposing force needed to start a war. Hence the UN was not preventing a war but starting one.

I was accused of arrogant contempt for the fighting qualities of African armies. Experts from universities wrote me nasty letters explaining (after expressing indignation at the invasion of their preserve) that only my prejudice prevented me from realizing the dire threat of civil war posed by the aroused and effective Congolese army. It seems to me that at present the wild flight of the well-armed Congolese army when confronted by a rabble of tribesmen armed with spears bears me out as fully as possible. (The matter was clear enough even then for anyone who wanted to see: the central government army fled each time the Katanga gendarmerie came into shooting distance.)

Foggy Bottom 'Experts'

Some of the UN bureaucrats were perhaps stupid enough to believe their own fantasies. Others just wanted to conquer Katanga: they resented order established under auspices other than their own. They felt that the fear of civil war would impress the U.S. Department of State enough to serve as a pretext for smashing the orderly government of Katanga. It did. Just who in our State Department was responsible for accepting that hoax? I do not think that they were traitors. Probably they are men of vast good will and immense stupidity. Stupidity may not be the right word. Perhaps they do well on intelligence tests. The trouble was—and will continue to be as long as these people hang around the State Department—that these "experts" are expert on their own ideology only, which, we may deduce, goes something like: the UN, right or wrong, must be supported by the United States; "left" disorder is better than "right" order; left dictators are good (progressive); African politicians who are not leftists are stooges of colonialism; the UN should not intervene into the domestic affairs of any country unless it is anti-Communist or governed by whites; the way to prevent Communism from gaining a hold in Africa is to fight African anti-Communists and support pro-Communist dictators such as Nkrumah, Ben Bella, and Patrice Lumumba (of blessed memory).

Where are these policy makers now? Waiting for the dust to settle? Again, we will probably never find out which clown was responsible for the decisions in the UN circus which we so sedulously supported. But the Congress certainly could hold an inquest and find out just who was responsible for American policy. Else we might get more of the same.

Costly Fiasco

What has been accomplished by the UN expedition to the Congo? When I was there I pointed out that the Congo needed two things to be viable. 1) Decentralization. Without a colonial power there was no advantage to, and no possibility of governing the many tribes on any other than a federal basis. A federal constitution with about as much local

autonomy as the Swiss Cantons enjoy would make it possible for the Congo to be passably well governed without degenerating into a dictatorship. The enormous tribal differences would be taken account of and tribal customs and political institutions could be utilized. This will now be accomplished. It would have been done before had the UN not encouraged a small group of detribalized politicians to believe that, with the support of its troops, they could impose their own central government, and smash ambitions for local autonomy. Had it been done before, the present disorders might have been avoided.

2) Belgian administrators and officers. The Belgians had neither the courage and conviction to resist premature pressure for independence, nor the foresight to prepare the Congo for it. When independence was hastily and irresponsibly granted, the Belgians tried to mitigate the effects of their folly. They agreed to help by leaving (and paying) their administrators as advisors, by continuing to provide officers for the army, etc. There is no other way of governing the Congo for the next twenty to fifty years. The Belgians are needed. Tshombe knew that in Elisabethville, and I trust he has not forgotten it in Léopoldville. The UN has been unwilling to learn as much—it is contrary to its ideology. And the State Department only now seems to be ready to extend a gingerly diplomatic recognition to the facts of life. Meanwhile the UN episode has been costly for all concerned and has set back the Congo twenty years. Yet it was quite unnecessary. Let me briefly recapitulate how it occurred.

The army rebelled against its Belgian officers shortly after independence was granted. It was appeased by Lumumba, who dismissed the Belgian officers, doubled the soldiers' pay, and promoted payroll clerks to generals. Encouraged by this response, the soldiers went on a rampage, raping, robbing and murdering whites, *i.e.*, Belgians. Belgium sent paratroopers to protect its citizens. We supported Lumumba's appeal to the UN and enabled it to threaten Belgium and replace the Belgian troops with "neutral" ones. Lumumba thereupon canceled the original covenants with the Belgians and, under UN protection, instituted a reign of terror against the traditional power holders and chieftains. (At this point Katanga declared itself independent.) He was supported by the African "neutrals," particularly Nkrumah and Nasser. These were barely frustrated in their obvious intrigues to take over the Congo via Lumumba. They were frustrated not by the UN or by us, but by President Kasavubu's shrewdness (Kasavubu dismissed Lumumba over UN opposition), their own ineptness and disunity, and finally, Lumumba's timely death.

Thus we supported Lumumba's fiction, eagerly accepted by the UN, according to which Belgian imperialists were craving permanently to reoccupy the country they had just left quite voluntarily! (Some UN circles indeed expounded an odd theory ac-

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cording to which Belgium had stage-managed the disorders to have a pretext to return. The idea is silly and the evidence to the contrary.)

Now that the UN troops have left, the Congo is where it was before they came, with these differences. 1) Lumumba, dismissed by President Kasavubu, is dead. (The UN did its best to keep him in office and protect him. He was captured when he escaped from his UN protected villa, and killed thereafter.) 2) The Belgian officers and administrators are lacking and, as a result, the chaos is considerably greater than when the UN came. 3) Katanga, which had been orderly before the UN conquest, is, thanks to the UN effort, now reduced to the level of the rest of the Congo.

Past Perfect

What would have happened had there been no UN, or a UN less eager to intervene? This may seem an "iffy" question. But recent events suggest an answer. In former French colonies and some freshly independent former English colonies the army rebelled as it had in the Congo. Without much ado, the French or British armies went in, restored order—*i.e.*, subdued the rebellious army—and left again. It is true that they were asked in by the governments in power. But this is a legal nicety. The point is that order was restored in a matter of days—precisely because there was *no* UN intervention. Had there been no UN, the same would have occurred in the Congo. Had the UN refused to intervene, the Belgians after restoring order would have left—they had no more reason to stay than before, except for the disorders—and we, and above all, the Congo, would not be suffering from the near anarchy that the UN managed to leave behind. Now, years later, after many casualties and millions spent, Tshombe will have to try to accomplish what would have long ago been accomplished: decentralizing the Congo, and administering and governing it as an independent country with the European help needed, which only the Belgians can give.

Of course, the UN, being no more than a collective name for the sovereign (and far from united) nations which discuss their affairs with each other in a convenient building in New York, is not by itself a menace to anything. Or is it? It is, when our government uses it as a substitute for an American policy. This is what happened in the Congo.

The purpose of our policy was not to foster our interest, or that of the Congo, but to cater to an alleged world opinion represented by the African politicians in the UN cocktail circuit. But I do not think that the policy made us popular anywhere. It did not serve our interests in any other way either. It did not help the Congo, or the Belgians, or anybody at all, except possibly the Chinese. Hence in this case the existence of the UN, when combined with our reverent and silly attitude toward it, did do harm. Which means it can: we couldn't have managed to be so inept without the help of the UN. It follows that the UN in combination with the State Department can be more than a waste of time. It can be harmful.

The UN can be harmful also if we permit its officials to make decisions contrary to American interests and dictated by the power distribution within the UN bureaucracy. As a political body the UN has no existence and no power separate from that of the nations in it—it is an international, not a supranational organization, except in legal metaphysics. But as a bureaucratic body the UN, though succored by us, has a life and interests of its own, and these are often in conflict with our basic political interests (though still more often irrelevant to them). It follows that we should not entrust missions of any importance to this bureaucratic body, or increase its power. In short, the UN is potentially harmful to us when we make policy decisions against our own actual interests merely to cater to its putative or expressed views. And secondly when we rely on it to carry out policies, or provide information, instead of doing so ourselves.

I have never found the UN useful to us. I thought it a harmless place where unsuccessful or obsolescent American politicians were given custodial care or kept out of mischief by busywork, and where adolescent politicians from undeveloped countries could learn how to move in polite society. Further, the UN provides exotic guests for New York hostesses; it arouses the enthusiasm of suburban ladies, which otherwise might be spent on more mischievous "causes"; and by employing a lot of pretty college girls may help keep them from premature marriages while giving them adventure, romance, and illusions, and in the process improving the international outlook at least aesthetically. (It does add to New York traffic congestion however.)

Suggested Policy

The evidence of the Congo shows that I underestimated the mischief that the UN can create. Its mere existence invites utilization for all kinds of purposes contrary to international order. We have not been able or willing to prevent such utilization (nor even the utilization of our money for purposes contrary to our interests). As the Congo demonstrates, the UN can prevent, or delay, the settlement of conflicts within and between countries, and initiate its own wars. And in some cases—*e.g.*, South Africa—the UN may create international conflicts *ex novo* that would not occur without it. On the other hand, it cannot seriously settle anything—from Kashmir, to Berlin, Laos, Israel, or Yemen. (I guess Goa, Hungary, or Indonesia need hardly be mentioned.)

However, I do not think there is much point in leaving the UN. The gesture would bring few concrete benefits and many domestic political complications; and it might saddle us with the onus of having destroyed an organization which, although it never existed in fact as an autonomous entity, might retrospectively be endowed with virtues, abilities and powers it never had. Further, occasionally there are slight advantages for us to membership in the UN. Although our conduct of the war in Korea would not have been different or more burdensome without the UN emblem (we would probably have had the same token help from allies), having that emblem was, possibly, a slight propaganda advantage.

Our policy should be simply to let the UN vegetate—or, if you wish, atrophy. This will occur if we diminish and finally give up our blood transfusions. This means: 1) we

(Continued on p. 785)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Liberalism vs. *the Spanish Pavilion*

Twenty-eight years ago, the Spanish Civil War burst forth in fury; and presently there was added unto the Liberal vocabulary a new term of abuse—Francospain. Today, the great success of the New York World's Fair is the Spanish Pavilion, praised by all the press for its beauty, its imagination, its architecture, its cuisine, its dignity, its dim religious light, its paintings, its mementoes, its wonderful jewels by Salvador Dali.

Kirk

Yes, America loves the Spanish Pavilion, a triumph of traditionalism alive in the modern age; and the government of General Franco is now the close ally of the United States. In less than a generation, the real power of doctrinaire Liberalism has much decayed among us, however vexatious the ritualistic Liberals still may make themselves on occasion. The Spanish Pavilion's triumph is one symbol of Liberalism's decay.

This is sufficiently appropriate: for the ideology called Liberalism first appeared in Spain, toward the end of the Napoleonic era. Heavily indebted to Jacobinism, *los liberales* were the anti-clerical (actually anti-Christian) party, levelers and uprooters; and *liberalismo* swiftly became, in passionate Spain, a rigid dogmatic system, even though *los liberales* professed to detest all dogmas. Though altered somewhat by the intellectual controversies and political events of the nineteenth century, in essence this doctrinaire Spanish Liberalism persisted until the Civil War. It is not yet dead: but one does not see it conspicuous in the Spanish Pavilion.

One cannot really understand the Spanish Civil War and the subsequent years without knowing something about *liberalismo;* but little of consequence has been published—let alone taught—in these United States concerning the Spanish roots of modern Liberalism. Few Americans understood anything about the Spanish internecine struggle until they read Gironella's *The Cypresses Believe in God* and his recent sequel *One Million Dead.* And those novels are more easy to apprehend, in their fascinating accounts of factional and ideological passion, if one has some knowledge of *liberalismo*—which Gironella, incidentally, abominates.

Two paperbacked little books are now available in English which supply some important information about Spanish Liberalism. One is a longish pamphlet entitled *What is Liberalism?* (original Spanish title, *El Liberalismo es Pecado—Liberalism is a Sin*). It was first published in Barcelona in 1886, the work of a priest, Don Felix Sarda; and it was translated and added unto, for American readers, by a Dr. Pallen, in 1889. (The present writing is available for $1.50 from San Diego Catholics for Better Libraries, Box 17034, San Diego, California.) Father Sarda's essay—which was approved subsequently by the Vatican — is concerned principally with the great gulf fixed between Catholicism and Liberalism.

A much more recent Spanish essay is that of Gregorio Marañón, *The Liberal in the Looking Glass,* translated by Dr. Edwin Klotz, with a valuable "Background" commentary (Long House, Inc., New Canaan, Connecticut, $2). Marañón published this during the second year of the Civil War, while in exile; he died in Madrid in 1960. His original title was *Liberalism and Communism in Spain,* and the purpose of his pamphlet was to expose the Marxist character of the "Loyalist" regime, from which he had fled. He cried *mea culpa:*

> Liberalism's immense prestige, and its colossally unfortunate blunders, have filled with confusion today's political scene. Its utter blindness to the anti-liberalism of the Left has been pledging its soul to the devil. The liberal's punishment will be equal to his error, for liberalism, as a political force, will in all probability exercise little direct influence on world affairs during times which soon will be upon us. True liberalism, however, will remain, for it is a *spiritual* force, a personal code of conduct. By whatever name it may be known, true liberalism, from its origin and by its essence, reflects the immortal drive toward the betterment of man and his estate, the deathless spring of human progress.

So wrote Marañón. Despite the melioristic note of his concluding sentences, his chastened Liberalism was a mighty improvement upon that strange Spanish philosophical and educational phenomenon called "Krausism," the principal Liberal intellectual cult almost until the outbreak of the Civil War, founded on the dry doctrines of an obscure German pedant. Dr. Klotz analyzes Krausism and its works in his able "Background" essay. Interested readers can find a complete account of the Kraus *liberales* and their "Free Institution of Learning"—a kind of Spanish Deweyism long before John Dewey—in a two-volume Spanish work, Vicente Cacho Viu's *La Institución Libre de Enseñanza,* handsomely published two years ago by Ediciones Rialp, Madrid. Even if you don't read Spanish, gentle reader, you should have a look at Mr. Anthony Kerrigan's lively review of this book ("Progressive Educationists in Spain," *The University Bookman,* Winter 1964).

'. . . *sullen, lowering, somber*'

Well, there's no Krausism to be discerned in the Spanish Pavilion, praise be. "They aided and abetted and protected each other," Menéndez Pelayo writes of the Krausist Liberals; "whenever they were in command they divided up the professorships like seized booty; they all spoke and dressed alike, they all looked alike in their exterior appearance, for Krausism is something that imposes a certain character and even modifies physiognomies. . . . They were all sullen, lowering, somber; they all reacted according to formula. . . ."

They sound rather like certain American Liberal intellectual cliques, don't they? But don't worry: Dali's fantastic jewels, at the Spanish Pavilion, give Krausism its *coup de grâce.*

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The Court Enjoins God

L. BRENT BOZELL

We all know there is a formidable, if small, bloc of *anti*-religious opinion in the United States: the atheists, the dogmatic agnostics, the secularist ideologues of various cults; and none of us wonders that this vocal minority has received the Supreme Court's war against a public God joyously. There is a much larger body of non-religious sentiment in the country, and the insensibility of these lazy-dead souls to the Lord's embarrassments has been no surprise either. But most Americans profess *pro*-religious commitments, and when spokesmen for that majority group, in considerable numbers and with impressive hierarchical credentials, solemnly counsel acceptance of the Court's decrees and in many cases rush forward to applaud them, it is an occasion not only of wonderment but of scandal.

The decent assumption of course is that religionists who have thrown in with the Court have done so, not out of funk or apostasy, but from ignorance—not because they are content to see religion demeaned, but because they either misunderstand the nature and dimensions of the Court's attack or mistakenly suppose that acquiescence in it is part of their churchly duty to the American Concordat.

It is this assumption, in any event, that underlies Professor Rice's book.

The Supreme Court and Public Prayer, by Charles E. Rice. Fordham, $5.00

He did not write *The Supreme Court and Public Prayer* for the enemies of religion or for neutrals, whose education would obviously require different materials; but for religion's *friends*. He evidently hoped that if the religious community would evaluate critically and knowledgeably the pro-Court arguments which churchmen have recently advanced in the press and before legislative committees, it might be persuaded to mobilize purposeful counteraction.

Rice properly begins by calling attention to what the prayer decisions *say*, for no tactic has been so effective in suppressing dissent as those soothing statements by religious leaders minimizing the scope of the Court's innovations. It may help in this matter to be, as Professor Rice is, a teacher of constitutional law; but the principal requirements are being able to read, and making sure that what is being read is the Court's most recent decision. The casual observer has been led to believe that only *compulsory* prayers composed by the State have been prescribed—and to be sure the *Engle* ruling, handed down in 1962, was confined, by its facts, to that offense. But in the *Murray* case, decided in 1963, the outlawed prayer had been composed by the Lord himself, and compulsory participation had been expressly prohibited by statute.

Nor did the Court, in *Murray*, confine its censures to a particular kind of religious observance, *i.e.*, school prayer. It laid down a broad rule for future cases: *"that [for a governmental connection with religion] to withstand the strictures of the Establishment Clause there must be a secular legislative purpose and a primary effect that neither advances nor inhibits religion."* These are the conditions of the now-famous "neutrality" the Court demands of government. As Rice shows, a candid application of the test would, *e.g.*, necessarily bar the churches' tax privileges. It would also require the removal of God's name from coins, the pledge of allegiance and public anthems—unless the Court decides such invocations of the Deity are merely "patriotic or ceremonial." In a word, an official admission of the country's dependence on God "will be [deemed] constitutional only if it is not meant to be believed—one might say only if it is hypocrisy."

Very well; but what of the further argument that the prayer decisions are, withal, a necessary implementation of the country's traditional and constitutionally-sanctioned Understanding about "separation of church and state." Of course every bright person knows that such formulas are meaningless without reference to their specific application in a people's historical experience; and every informed person knows that the kind of "separation" demanded by the Supreme Court in the past 15 years is a total stranger to America's historical experience, as well as to the demonstrable purposes of the framers of the First Amendment. Yet since most of us are hard pressed to document the lessons we learned in

school, the non-expert will welcome Mr. Rice's fifty pages or so tracing the development of church-state relations in this country—a picture that renders the grossness of the Court's pretensions devastatingly plain.

Professor Rice's major contribution, however, is to have nailed the fallacy in the Court's claim that it has merely ordained governmental "neutrality" toward theistic religion. The fallacy can be illustrated by the public school teacher's quandary on

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being asked whether human rights come from a Creator-God, as maintained by the Declaration of Independence. Under the new dispensation the teacher cannot answer the question by "Yes" or "No," for this would amount to the government "taking sides." The remaining possibility—the reply now required by the Court—is, "I don't know," *i.e.*, "*I cannot say whether it is true or not, because the government cannot take a position on the existence of God.*" But that position, Rice points out, is a long way from "neutrality"; plainly "the teacher is aligning the government on the side of *agnosticism* through his affirmation that, as a matter of state policy, God's existence is unknown or unknowable."

I cannot imagine how Rice is to be answered on this point. Or on his general observation about all of this —"that the Supreme Court, while invoking the rhetoric of an impossible 'neutrality,' has neatly replaced our traditional public affirmation of God and His law with a new, non-theistic public creed, demanding of the state a perpetual suspension of judgment on the question, 'Is there a God?'"

THIS state of affairs is bound to produce some undesirable practical consequences, many of which Professor Rice remarks. But there is one he does not, and I wonder whether, in our modern concern over the state of our private little psyches, we may not be missing an important point here. Granted, people and nations are interiorly "better" for being God-oriented. But are not prayers also said—I don't know why I should be embarrassed to write about this, but I am—in the hope of being *answered?* And may we not properly assume that unsaid prayers go *un*answered? And thus that God may not be moved to care much about the fate of a nation that does not pray, that *officially* whores after false gods? The Jewish and Christian traditions are full of reminders that God replies to such nations by taking it out of their hides.

What to do? In the matter of legal remedies, Professor Rice concludes with good reason that judicial reassessment of the question is unlikely, and so recommends a "legislative" solution—either withdrawal of the Court's appellate jurisdiction in these cases, or, as he prefers, adoption (after slight modification) of the "Becker" constitutional amendment. Which is fine as far as it goes; but the more pressing matter is now to mobilize sufficient support for such measures in the religious community itself. *I* have the solution for that problem. Let the constituents of those religious leaders who have condoned the prayer decisions make sure their spokesmen get a copy of Professor Rice's book, and if a careful reading does not recall them to their senses, and their duties, boot them out.

Matched With His Hour

SIR SHANE LESLIE

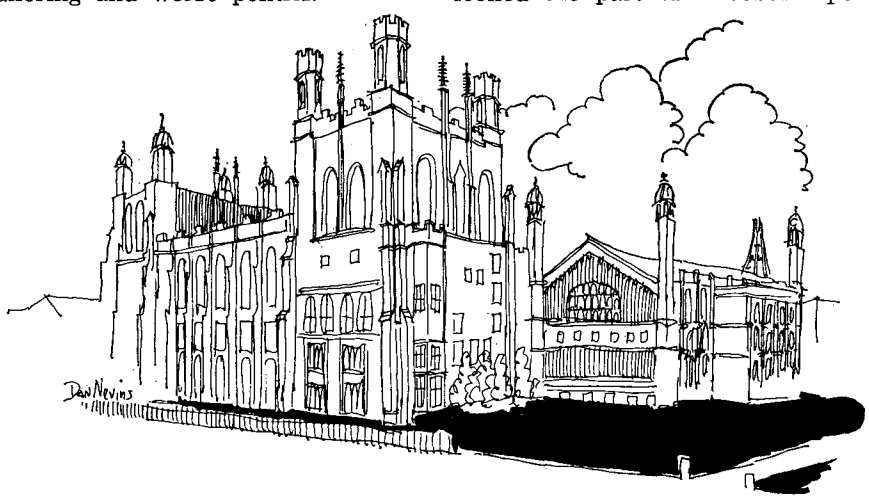
AND DID YOU SEE SHELLEY PLAIN? Well, frankly I did, if he lived again at King's Cambridge in 1906-09, when we were both reading for Classical Honors. Any we gained were both in the Second Class, but Second Men point out how seldom Firsts are heard of again. Brooke of King's and Lawrence of Arabia were the two Englishmen to make myth in the First War. England since has not been able to do without their glamor, whether the poems of one or the self-dramatized adventures of the other.

Rupert Brooke, by Christopher Hassall. Harcourt, $8.75

Here is Brooke's biography in 550 pages by Christopher Hassall, who stumbled dead on completion, after revealing the insanely romantic letter-writer. We shall never know now whether he would have lived to be the great lover or the great poet of his time. My contemporaries, who shared his tastes and friends, could see him in the courts all those years, a half-century ago, and far from effeminate. The athletes dropped him because he dropped the cricket and football promise he brought from Rugby. He failed to attract the dominant Etonians owing to his wretched tailoring and worse politics.

Youthful Kingsmen, defying Heaven and earthly governments, founded a Society of Carbonari in which Brooke was welcomed by Hugh Dalton; the son of a Rugby housemaster welcomed by the son of a Windsor Canon, who had tutored King George. Like ducklings breaking shell they were eager to swim away. Dalton eventually became a Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer. Brooke repudiated the church catechism and became Socialist with a Fabian program borrowed from Shaw. The Carbonari took a daring interest in the first eruption of the English Labor Party, whose first Member of Parliament, Keir Hardie, was invited to address Brooke's friends at Cambridge. Tory rowing men imperiled Hardie's safety and were thwarted by disguised doubles dashing amongst the undergraduates.

King's had been Etonian for 400 years and feuds had hardly died down between Etonian High Churchmen and non-Etonian scientists. They were violently opposed whether the College mission should be agnostic or apostolic. Those were thrilling days for the young who took the anti-godly line. But there were pagan gods rising amongst us. Maynard Keynes ranked as a fiscal Mercury much as Brooke looked the part of Phoebus Apollo.



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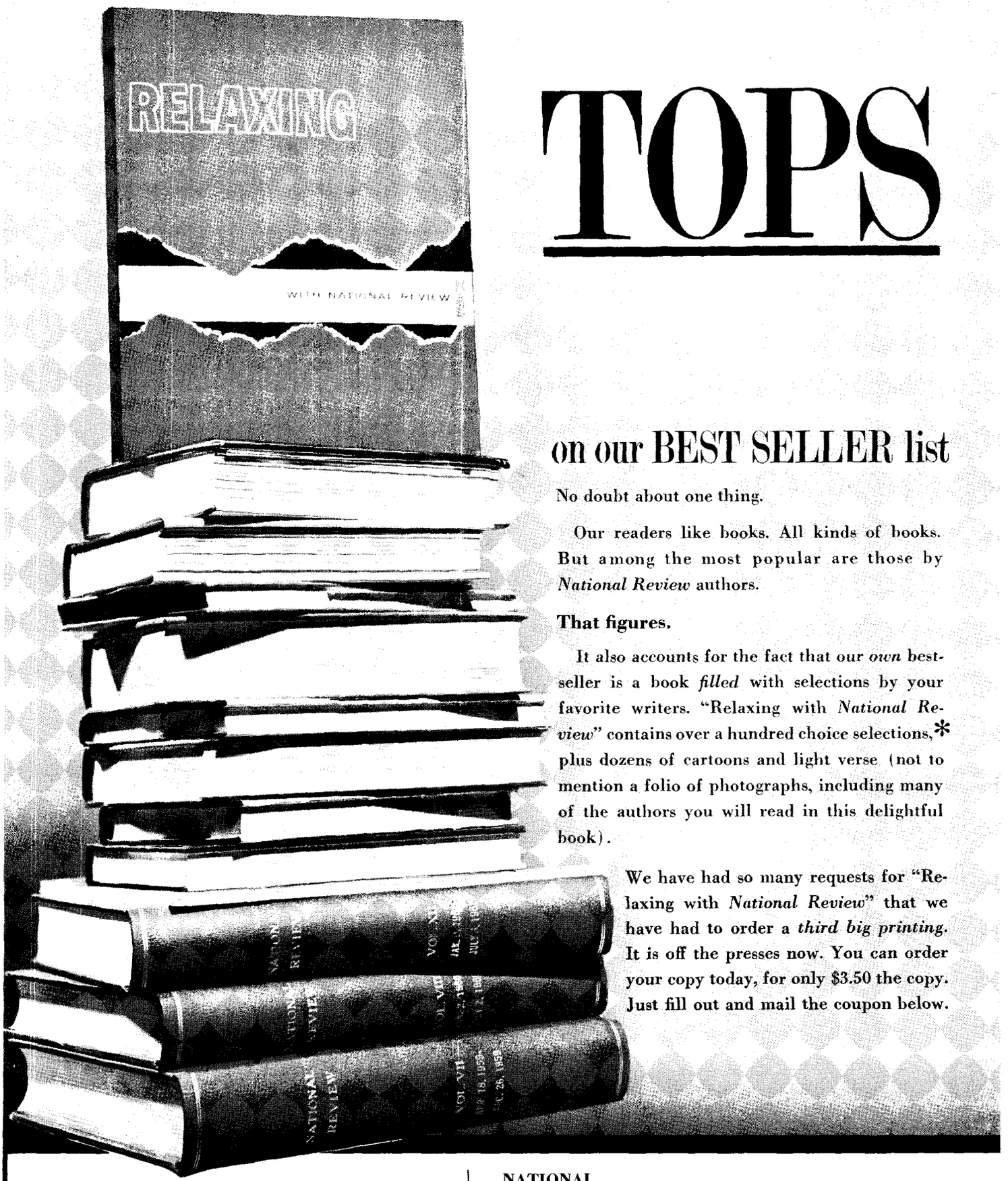

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Random Notes

● BOOK BURNING: A 1917 edition of Mother Goose has been removed from the New London, Conn. Public Library at the request of the NAACP. And the librarian has promised to remove any other children's book which has "objectionable references to Negroes." . . . Mike Todd Jr.'s minstrel show *America, Be Seated,* intended for the Louisiana Pavilion at the World's Fair, has been canceled as an injudicious offering at the moment. *Variety* reports the loss as around one hundred thousand dollars.

● BOOKS: The Irish, it seems, have come up with another fine novelist. Michael Farrell's *Thy Tears Might Cease* will be published by Knopf this fall. . . . Charles Chaplin's *My Autobiography,* long announced, will be published simultaneously in nine countries, in October. The American edition is from Simon and Schuster, $6.95. Illustrated with 113 photographs. . . . And this month will see the autobiography of Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Words,* which sold 150,000 copies within weeks of its publication in France (George Braziller, $5).

● MOVIES: Gore Vidal's *America the Beautiful,* to be about the John Birch Society and to have been produced by Stuart Miller and Lawrence Turman (who did Vidal's *Best Man*) is now titled *Don't Rock the Boat,* has Martin Ransohoff as producer, but is still about the John Birch Society. . . . The cameras (John Huston behind them) have finally begun on Dino De Laurentiis' *The Bible,* logically enough at Genesis 1:27, with Michael Parks as Adam, Ulla Bergryd as Eve. We wonder what the Legion of Decency will say. . . . Meanwhile, the première of the latest Gospel, George Stevens' *Greatest Story Ever Told,* has been postponed again, and will be along now toward Christmas. . . . The Ontario Board of Motion Picture Censorship let *all* of last year's films through their sets (with some snipping here and there) but banned 185 of their ads and figleafed 114 others.

Even the Cannes critics, whose eyeballs are hard as doorknobs when it comes to Realism, asked for a new ending to Marco Ferreri's *The Ape Woman*—a movie about the bearded lady in the carnival. The barker marries her and eventually stuffs her for a sideshow exhibit. In the new *dénouement* she loses her beard when she becomes a mother, and the whole family starves to death. We agree that the improved plot is more beautiful.

● BEATLEMANIA: An electric guitar, with amplifier, has been delivered to Windsor Castle.

Both of them reached world fame.

The last time I saw Brooke plain was in a Greek Play—the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus—wielding an immense toy trumpet and wearing a glamorously short dress. We shared the same Greek instructor, Walter Headlam, whose sudden death passed like a sword of agony through the College. Brooke's lament in a letter echoes Milton's *Lycidas.* Headlam taught Brooke how English poetry, modern and ancient, should be recited and written. In his last year he inspired Brooke to play Milton's *Comus* as a public masque.

We knew that Brooke's three Muses were Milton, Marlowe and Webster (on the last of whom he won his proud Fellowship of King's). What we did not know (till in this book revealed) were the names of the three Graces round whom he stumbled in agonizing love-affairs. The love-letters are far more exciting, neurotic and piercing than all his poetry. When fully published they will rival Goethe's *Werther.* Thanks to these ladies he utterly broke down and was sent to the South Seas to recover, and there all but fell to a Samoan nymph. He returned in time to become England's David challenging the German Goliath with his five famous sonnets slung like pebbles from the River Cam.

This book describes how the anti-bourgeois, anti-Christian Socialist with indecent streaks in his poetry suddenly became the imperial trumpeter who sounded the youth of England down Armageddon way. There was little more. His life had been much spoiled by his mother (called "the Ranee") jealously warding him from his admiring patron, Eddie Marsh, who was also Winston's admirable secretary. On the credit side, the Ranee gave him somewhat of her woman's fearlessness and beauty—while Marsh flew his literary and social kite with resounding success. Brooke was given glimpses of Hardy, Housman and Henry James. In society he met the Asquiths, Premier and daughter, and beauties like Diana Manners and Cathleen Nesbitt, his last sweet torturess.

WHAT would he have become? The new Chair of English at Cambridge beckoned him. Marsh and Winston could have booked him for Laureate. His famous actressy photo argued a Hollywood career. Suddenly broke the War, and he went and he went forever. Marsh slipped him as an officer into Winston's Naval Brigade: a corps of unused stokers led by the most promising scholars and adventurers available. Trained more like Boy Scouts, they tasted fire at the sanguinary picnic round Antwerp—later to perish in the Dardanelles. Perhaps it was well that Brooke died in the Greek Islands, for he had already written the war sonnets that were flown like an *oriflamme* over the doomed youth of England for the rest of the War.

Like Byron he had died against the Turks bravely and ineffectively, but he was buried as picturesquely as Shelley under the Mediterranean blue. His Epitaph composed in Greek for his grave may we render roughly in verse for the first time: "To give deliverance from the Turkish Rod, an English Fleet-lieutenant dieth here: Rupert Brooke, the servant of our God, to save Constantinople lieth here."

And did I see him plain? Over fifty years ago I printed some early sonnets of his in the *Basileon*—the College

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paper. It was the year of the King's College Pageant, which promised "the beautiful lyrics for the opening scene" had been written under the familiar initials of R. B. Alas, they must have perished in my editorial office, unless they are one day found, as Rossetti's *House of Life* sonnets were found, in the shroud of some distracted lady's coffin.

But I saw Shelley plain, though not at Oxford this time.

Intellectual Underbrush

JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE

THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS, of which I am a local committee member, has just published three slim books containing the Elihu Root Lectures of Edward S. Mason, Caryl P. Haskins and George F. Kennan. These lectures have many things in common. The first is that they all prove the old truth "the only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history." All three books are filled with wishful thinking, unsupported opinion, waggly logic and arrant nonsense.

In his *Foreign Aid and Foreign Policy,* Mason says he agrees that "a political theory and political rationale for aid is almost completely lacking." He goes on unreservedly to support the whole foreign aid idea, proposing some modification of administration and paying almost no attention to the fact that foreign aid has not achieved its objective either of protecting national security or of bringing undeveloped countries into development.

Again: "The principal purpose of foreign aid in my view is to promote the security of the United States." This is a sound position, but he says it right after he has recommended that the United States turn over its foreign aid programs to "multinational devices," the UN and international development groups. Now why is this in our national interest? Take the Congo. Suppose we had gone it alone there. It would have cost us more money, he says. The effects on other African nations would have been "not at all problematical," whatever that means. So it was better to have the UN take over and straighten out the Congo. It seems that Mr. Mason hasn't been reading the latest dispatches from the Congo, or the early ones for that matter.

Most of this book is a long recital of the establishment of programs, the allocation of funds and a complex explanation of the obvious. He simply assumes throughout that the aid programs mostly work, that some adjustments would make it all come out fine and that aid is a Good Thing, which should be broadened into international control, with the U.S. contributing at least 40 per cent of all funds but no more. More would make the receiving nations think we were controlling them.

George F. Kennan

Dr. Haskins, who is president of the Carnegie Institute, has delivered a series of lectures that must have put his audiences to sleep—permanently. *The Scientific Revolution and World Politics* is primarily a history of science and its institutions in developed and undeveloped countries, plus imposing generalizations about what might be done to make everything better. He asks questions and almost never answers them. For example: "In the vision of those new countries that view the world upon which they are entering with interests and from backgrounds quite different from our own, is it leadership on vast and spectacular and sophisticated frontiers of exploration that will be most useful and impressive to them, or is it demonstrated leadership in technologies more relevant to their own practical needs, coupled with genuine and evident willingness and care and insight in making them available? Clearly there can never be a simple answer to so broad and many sided a question." Clearly! And here is what we have to do about all this. We have to "keep the grave significance of such choices constantly in our thinking," that's what.

Dr. Haskins seems to be saying that "new" nations need their own scientific and technological development and should not just borrow from the West. It is not clear how this is to be achieved unless the nations suddenly develop some qualities they never had before. The United States can help, however, by establishing "advisory groups" responsive to local governments. These groups "should include representatives of many disciplines relating to those multifarious facets of social change of which a scientific revolution is but one aspect."

His discussion of Soviet science is necessarily vague. He starts out with its great achievements in the field of space (incidentally he never mentions the U.S. space program). He goes on to say that there is "an impressive body of scientific work" in some fields and "notable work" has been done in others. He does reveal that most of Soviet science and technology was imported from the West, since the time of Peter the Great. He is not very specific as to its accomplishments today, outside of space. He seems to hope, rather dubiously, that Soviet science will eventually bring about greater liberalism in Russia because the demands of science require liberal attitudes and free inquiry. But he ends this section in typical fashion. Science in Russia is "immensely complex" and "sweeping predictions or categorical deductions are evidently both impossible and dangerous." Evidently.

When you finish this book you are

On Dealing With the Communist World, by George F. Kennan

The Scientific Revolution and World Politics, by Caryl P. Haskins

Foreign Aid and Foreign Policy, by Edward S. Mason
Harper, $3.50 each

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about where you started, only you have had a lot of questions raised. Can a totalitarian state "create an original science"? I dunno. "Where will the ambivalence lead?" I dunno. But "these are fascinating and immensely important questions." Unfortunately they "are unanswerable."

As for George Kennan, he has given up thinking. He has blanked out of his mind all of the events of the past 40 years. *On Dealing With The Communist World* has the wrong title, according to him. Because he thinks we ought to have a law which says neither he nor anybody else can mention the word "Communism" again. There is no such thing. It went away. Let's all forget that Communism has conquered a third of the world, broken treaties by the score, enslaved and murdered millions and is still doing so, built a wall in Berlin and sneaked missiles into Cuba.

Kennan says: Let's face it, it's bigger than all of us, so we've just got to get along with those people over there. Do business with them, as old Chamberlain used to say. The Communists don't threaten us any longer. Khrushchev really doesn't mean it when he says he intends to Communize us. "We have met the enemy, and they are people, just like us." "A good tree," said Jesus, "cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. . . . Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Except for Communists, according to the Gospel of George Kennan.

"We sit by and watch the barbarian," wrote Hilaire Belloc. "We tolerate him. In the long stretches of peace we are not afraid. We are tickled by his irreverence, his comic inversion of our old certitudes and our fixed creeds refreshes us. We laugh. But as we laugh we are watched by large and awful faces from behind. And on these faces there is no smile."

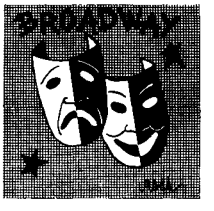
Theater

A Flawed Talent

NATHAN COHEN

Only someone with an undisputed and high literary talent could write a play as nearly worthless, and yet as important, as *Blues for Mister Charlie*. James Baldwin has such a talent. In his command of language and the atmosphere of outraged suffering, in the irresistible intensity of the vision which grips him, in the freshness and size of his observations, he is unique on the landscape of contemporary American letters. You have to go back to Melville to find another author with the same magnitude of expression, or as implacable an awareness of the tensions and terrors which lurk under the surface of the visible life-stress, struggling ferociously to escape.

The easy explanation for the failure of *Blues for Mister Charlie* is to blame it on Mr. Baldwin's ignorance of, and inability to cope with, the mechanics of dramaturgy. Indeed, this is a major contributing factor. Like so many other American novelists (Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Mark Harris) he uses the wrong tools and works against the medium's grain. He thinks in terms of words, not as they sound when spoken, not as they reveal a person and advance an immediate and ultimate action, but as they look on the printed page. He has no sense of theatrical character, giving his cast no individuality, and merely implying by a few token stage instruction or fragments of dialogue their specific dimension and the nature of their interacting relationships; he assumes that somehow these will emerge of themselves in the actual performance.



In the same way, he is insensitive to the demands for construction, for modulation, pace and climax, for foundation and scaffolding. Dealing with the murder of a Negro in a Southern town by a poor white shopkeeper, an event he tries to depict realistically and impressionistically, he sends his story flying in a multitude of unconnected directions. Time is hopelessly jumbled and there is no order to the development of the narrative. One is so confused trying to figure out what is happening, the ending is so limp, that the why and how become dramatically extraneous.

The burden Mr. Baldwin has placed on his director, Burgess Meredith, is onerous. Mr. Meredith tries to give the proceedings some flair by staging the play rather in the manner of *Our Town*. At the start of each act, a disc jockey is seen on the audience left corner of the stage placing a record on a turntable; for the remainder of the act, he simply sits there, watching. In the first two acts those players not involved in the immediate scene gather at the rear of the stage, looking on until it is time for them to take part. In the third act, set in a courtroom, the Negro and white townspeople, sitting apart, periodically exchange places for no given or comprehensible reason. None of these actions serves the play. They are crutches, devices frankly invented to conceal the evidence of textual inadequacy. Far from diverting attention, they merely invite it.

For the actors, the dilemma is still worse. It is one of the ironies of *Blues for Mister Charlie* that, although intended to puncture the main myths of Negro-white associations in the U.S. today, its characters are without exception stereotypes, whether the person is a female Uncle Tom or an obtusely bigoted white clergyman. All speak, behave, react in clichés. Only a handful in the cast are able to put flesh and blood to their roles. Rip Torn succeeds with his portrait of the murderer, a baffled and earnest man adhering to a code which gives him a position whereby the Negro, any Negro, is his inferior. Although she is unable to cover up the gaps in her part Diana Sands has a blazing memorable scene when, as the victim's fiancée, she laments her loss and keens her hope that she is bearing his child.

But the failure of *Blues for Mister Charlie*—"Mister Charlie" is a Negro term meaning "white man"—extends far beyond Mr. Baldwin's ineptitude as a dramatist. There is, to begin with, the almost palpable absurdity, concretely and metaphorically, of the essential plot springboard. Whatever else it seeks to do, the play first of all purports to give us some idea of the indignity and degradation of the life imposed by society on the Southern Negro. Yet it presents as its central figure a man who has long lived in

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the North, and has just been cured of the drug habit. It asks us to suppose that such a man, returning to the home of his father, a minister and the local leader for civil rights, would come spoiling for trouble. Richard insists on asserting his equality. He jeers at every white man he meets and rushes to avow the Negro's sexual superiority. He produces on his own initiative photographs of white women who were his clamorous bedmates back North and seizes every opportunity to mock the white man's virility.

Indeed, just before he falls dead, Richard goads his killer on this last matter: "Okay. Okay. Okay. Keep your old lady at home, you hear. Don't let her near no n——r. She might get to like it. You might get to like it, too." The thrust of this last sentence is that Lyle, his killer, cohabited with many Negro women before his marriage, is dissatisfied with his wife, and once in fact killed another Negro whose wife had been his mistress.

To believe that Richard would act the way he does, or to make him in any wise representative of the Negro predicament, invites a Gargantuan skepticism. He is unbelievable either as individual or as symbol. Surely the Negro tragedy is that people are victimized for lesser but weightier reasons than insulting a white woman and her husband, which is what Richard does in this play. Furthermore, to declare that the white man has good cause to fear the Negro's sexual potency, and to make this the core of the trouble, is contemptuously to denigrate the Negro's search for justice. In effect, Mr. Baldwin concurs with those people who reduce the entire matter to a fear of the Negro's physical appetites. Dramatically, he does not prove the point. He only states it. Socially, his argument is mischievous in the extreme and harms the cause he wishes to support.

WE HAVE SEEN this obsession with sexuality developing in Mr. Baldwin's recent writing as a novelist and journalist. It is a flaw which undermines and brings crashing into a shambles the majestic structure he set out to erect in his novel, *Another Country*, the first part of which, its Rufus sequence, is as brilliantly written as anything in American literature. We have seen it intruding more and more into the shape and content of his polemical writing. It is a flaw which, unless checked and removed, is going to send him spinning into an artistic dead end, and alienate him still further—for Mr. Baldwin is by no means at the center of the Negro experience—from his fellow Negro, to whom he is bound by the fact of his color and from whom he is pushed away by his temperament and private interests.

All the same, and here we return to the start of this notice, *Blues for Mr. Charlie* is important. Even though the language is insufficient, even though the theme is blurred, a mighty voice is trying to make a point. This is not a play by a Negro showing white men what life is like among Negroes. For the first time on the commercial American stage a Negro is telling white people what Negroes think of them, and what he says is a desperate, frustrated, angry message from the underside of the American body politic.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HERBERT HOOVER: A BIOGRAPHY, by Eugene Lyons (Doubleday, $5.95). Eugene Lyons' earlier portrait of The Chief, "Our Unknown Ex-President," appeared in 1948, to tell a whole generation of American children about the fabled half-dozen careers of the then 74-year-old Mr. Hoover. In 1951 and 1952 the great three-volume *Memoirs* flowed from the pen of Hoover himself, and three more careers were added in subsequent years: historian, elder statesman, and massive analyst of government. So a new biography was in order, and Mr. Lyons has done the job in the spirit of the subject—quiet, fair, factual, and warmly humorous. But the job, its author admits, even with 450 pages can be only a summary of the glorious rise from nowhere, the triumph of the Food Administration, the unheard warnings of the Secretary of Commerce during the '20s, the innovations of his Administration, the sickening Democratic campaign of 1932, Roosevelt's wanton dalliance with catastrophe during the interregnum, the fourteen years of vilification, the vast production of Hoover's later years, and the happy welcome a nation gave when it returned to its senses and

Harper's magazine
SEPTEMBER

The Illinois Legislature:
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by State Sen. Paul Simon
as told to Alfred Balk

An insider's story of the shocking system of payoffs and patronage deals which has made the Illinois State Government a mockery of the democratic process.

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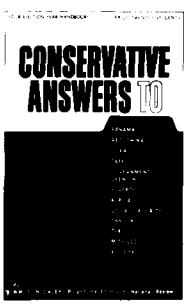

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HOW TO PUT THE STATES BACK IN BUSINESS

by Governor Edmund G. Brown

A governor's briefcase often holds the desperately needed answer to a national problem . . . but no way exists today to take it to Washington for a proper hearing. California's Governor Brown offers a solution that might well cut through the swirling winds of national politics.

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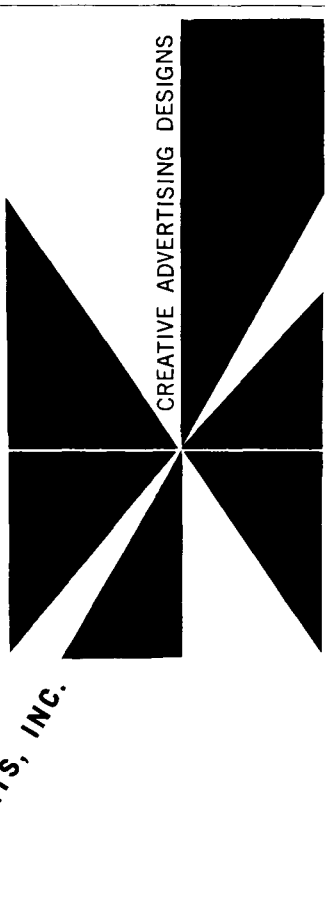

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found the great man at his desk laboring in its interest as he always had. Hoover, by the way, didn't get the name "The Chief" while he was President. The name had stuck with him ever since a bunch of rough miners gave it to him in Western Australia when he was only 23. Quality has a way of being discovered, and eternally rediscovered. A fine biography, and a pleasure to read.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

INFLATION: CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES, by Milton Friedman (Asia Publishing House, $2.75). Spurious notions regarding the contribution of the printing press to economic development are politically expedient, and so die a hard death. Here in a brief 31 pages Professor Friedman explodes several such myths by showing clearly that 1) widespread price increases are "always and everywhere" a monetary phenomenon, and 2) counter-intervention in the form of price, wage and exchange controls only compounds the error by suppressing rationality in the allocation of resources.

R. H. MILLER

THE HIROSHIMA PILOT, by William Bradford Huie (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $5.95). For years the Left has perpetuated the myth of ex-Air Force Major Claude Eatherly, whose exaggerated participation in the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima supposedly has left him a torn man, a symbol of America's guilty conscience. Since 1950, three years after he left the Air Force, Eatherly has been almost constantly under psychiatric care. He has blamed himself for "killing 100,000" innocent people, so the myth goes, and has sought punishment by committing a series of crimes (the crimes are real enough). Pacifists have adopted him as a martyr, editorial writers have called him the "American Dreyfus." But Mr. Huie, in a compassionate treatment of a disturbed man, meticulously dissects the myth. Eatherly, it develops, played only a minor role in the Hiroshima bombing, making a simulated bomb run over the city to test visibility. Why, then, the mental instability and seemingly habitual crime? Eatherly's complete story is brought to light for the first time through the author's personal research, including investigation of official records, reports of Eatherly's trial and "sanity hearings," and interviews with Eatherly himself as well as his family, lawyers, psychiatrists, and fellow crew members. Huie punctures the myth relentlessly, but Eatherly may have the last word. After reading Huie's manuscript he said, "A hundred years from now I'll be the only American anybody thinks of in connection with Hiroshima. Maybe they'll remember Truman, too. Eatherly and Truman. The Hero and the Villain." Maybe.

A. E. GOLLAN

BEFORE THE COLORS FADE, by Fred Ayer Jr. (Houghton, $6.00). Mr. Ayer has put together, mostly from personal reminiscences of his own and of people he knew, what becomes gradually a little portrait of his uncle, General George S. Patton Jr. It is not a biography and it is certainly not a history, either of Patton's campaigns or of his quarrels with the government at Washington, whose pro-Soviet policy Patton, and I suspect also Ayer, never could entirely bring themselves to understand. The most interesting aspect of the portrait to me is Patton's capacity for independence of judgment and virility. He was willing to acknowledge to himself what he thought to be so, not what others said should be acknowledged. Almost all Americans, I think, are willing to say what they believe, but few in the command area of the modern world dare believe anything but what they are supposed to believe. Patton was also aware that the kind of men who like women are the kind of men who like to fight and that such men are the foundation of all enduring political and military power. Even if he had not opposed Soviet ambition, this belief alone, in our age of feminism, Liberalism and homosexuality, must have injured his career. Perhaps he was fortunate to die almost as soon as the fighting was over, for once his high value as a fighting man was ended, the triumphant coalition of Leftism and money in control in Washington would probably have made life unendurable for him. In fact they had already begun to do so.

L. R. BROWN

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 750)

boats was destroyed in the attack and that they might have hid some, it is very easy to believe that at the beginning N. Vietnam might well have had 40 or 50 or even more PT-boats of the same make delivered by the Russians. Do you suppose that the Russians have been delivering these boats all along to the satellite of their mortal foe Communist China?

Chicago, Ill. WALTER L. BAILY JR.

Corruption and Diem

Much to my dismay, I must protest some lines in Mr. Molnar's article on Vietnam published in your June 16 issue. He says that "on the basis of the evidence on hand" it is sure that the family of Diem (not Diem himself) had indulged in dishonest financial handlings.

I challenge Mr. Molnar to produce said evidence. The "evidence" displayed recently in Saigon by an agency under the new government (although, I stress it, I do believe that General Khanh is an honest anti-Communist) was entirely faked. During my campaigning for Vietnam I encountered these same accusations (such as Mrs. Nhu owning cinemas in Paris, etc.) many times and every time, I requested proof. It either evaporated or failed to hold up under careful scrutiny. That is why I consider that the accusation of corruption against Nhu is the main calumny of the Communist intoxication. It is really heartbreaking for me to see it echoed in NATIONAL REVIEW. May I stress that today Mrs. Nhu lives with a family of eight in a small, four-room furnished flat where the small entrance hall serves during the day for a secretary and is used at night as a sleeping room.

Paris SUZANNE LABIN

A Reply

My sources in Saigon were people who, although I cannot name them, have proved both their opposition to Communism and their pro-Diem attitude. They have lived for many decades in various parts of southern Asia, and are not astonished to see corruption in government, a phenomenon as general in that region as the monsoon. Exceptions, such as President Diem and his brother Nhu, must be admired the more for it.

On the other hand, other brothers and relatives were less well-advised, according to my sources. Accumulation of memberships on various boards of directors of big companies was mentioned to me in one case, and appropriation of funds for school buildings, in another. In a third instance, a more distant relative, appointed vice-president of a construction firm, sold material belongings to the latter for personal benefit. In some cases my interlocutors did not use the term "corruption" but "acts of indiscretion," adding, however, that in the case of brother Khanh these included threats and violence.

I have no documentary evidence for any of these charges and would like to believe that they are false. But even if they are true, my esteem for Diem, Nhu, and Mrs. Nhu is undiminished, and I deplore, together with Mme. Labin, the criminal—and stupid—way of eliminating them from the front line where they were invaluable to their country and the free world.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Second Try

Did you notice Walter Lippmann's recent article in which he coined a new "smear" word—"Goldwaterism"? Sure enough, *Newsweek* of August 10th has an article by Emmet John Hughes in which he, too, uses the word "Goldwaterism." Not to be left out, Walter Dean Burnham in *Commonweal* of August 7th uses the term *ten* times in his article.

The Liberals had such great success in the last decade in using "McCarthyism" that apparently they have decided to try again to condemn a man and a cause by adding an "ism" to Goldwater's name.

If it worked once, why not try again?

Los Altos, Calif. NELL D. FERRIS

Takes the Sixth

Attention Trans-O-Gram editor: Who goofed?

In the July 28 issue the author and title come out "Shakespeare: Henry the *Fifth* Part One" while the quotation, "Whilst a field should be dispatched and fought . . ." is from Henry the *Sixth* Part One."

Let's maintain our accuracy and integrity. When are "Trans-O-Grams" going to be collected and issued in book form? My wife gets disturbed because I work them out before she gets hold of *NR!*

Cincinnati, Ohio J. HUBERT CUNI

I could take the Fifth, but I won't. Evidently my Sixth sense left me when I made that horrible blunder.

Rockville, Md. SVEND PETERSEN

Early Christian Demonstrators

Professor Herberg, who implied [July 14] that the degree of the civil disobedience of the early Christians was less than that of Dr. King, should reflect that the disobedience of the early Christians, *regarded from the standpoint of Roman law,* was much more serious than that of civil-rights demonstrators. The early Christians in refusing to sacrifice to the Emperor committed treason, in our terms a felony; Dr. King and his followers with their picketing and sit-ins com-

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Speaking Up . . .

Dr. Thomas Molnar, presently professor of French Literature at Brooklyn College is currently available for speaking engagements this Fall and winter. Dr. Molnar is the holder of graduate degrees in Philosophy and French Literature and the author of several books; *The Decline of the Intellectual, The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy,* and *The Failure of the Counter-revolution.*

Your university or club might also write now for openings in the Fall schedules of our other speakers; William A. Rusher, publisher of *National Review;* Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of *National Review* and the author of the newly published *What is Conservatism?;* Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist and author of *The Winning Side;* L. Brent Bozell, attorney, lecturer and author, currently at work on a major historical study of the Supreme Court; Russell Kirk, professor of politics, syndicated columnist and author of forthcoming *Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman;* Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author of *The Political Left in America;* plus Ernest van den Haag and Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

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mit misdemeanors. There is precedent in early Christianity for disobedience much more profound than the moderate Dr. King condones.

Berkeley, Calif. MICHAEL KELLER

Dr. Herberg Replies

It is Father Gaffney [Aug. 25] who "grossly oversimplifies," not I. His quotations are in place, but he ought to know that St. Thomas' objective natural law is something very different from the dictates of the individual conscience which the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King seems to make a sufficient justification for violating any law he disapproves of. Augustine, too, knew that *"lex injusta non lex";* but, as I think I showed clearly enough in my article, he did *not* take this to mean that the individual citizen was free to pick and choose among the laws he was to obey, depending simply on his individual conscience. Nor did Thomas Aquinas. Does Father Gaffney really believe that Thomas Aquinas taught that obedience to the law was a matter of individual conscience, and that anyone was entitled to disobey any law that his individual conscience condemned as "unjust"? St. Thomas had too good an understanding of Christian teaching and of the necessary conditions of civil order to commit any such folly.

What St. Thomas actually taught is well summarized by Thomas Gilby, O.P., in his brilliant work, *Principality and Power: Aquinas and the Rise of State Theory in the West* (Longmans Green and Co., 1958). Father Gilby describes the variations and developments in Aquinas' views, and then goes on: "His [St. Thomas'] last passage on civil dominion appears in the exposition of the Epistle to the Romans written toward the end of his life. *Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God; Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation* (Rom. xiii. 1-2). . . . The 'higher powers' of the text were men constituted in power to whom we should be subject according to the order of justice. . . . *Little room for civil disobedience was allowed by such doctrine.* [My emphasis. W. H. . . . pp. 157-158.] St. Thomas' later writings seemed to enhance the prestige of existing authority . . . he admitted a kind of law even in unjust rule . . . a positive law was a moral imperative specifically by the fact that it has been set down, not by its content. . . . [pp. 174-175].

"The limits to supreme temporal power appeared from two recognized abuses, of government *contra legem ultra vires* (beyond its proper or constitutional powers)." [p. 301]. In any case, I hardly think I oversimplified.

I have nothing to say to Mr. Canon's communication [Aug. 25]. It does not lend itself to rational argument.

Mr. Keller [see above] is quite right. The early Christians disobeyed the Roman power in matters "much more profound than the moderate Dr. King condones." That is precisely why their disobedience was authorized by Christian teaching while Dr. King's is not. It is one thing to say, "I will not obey the State because the State makes itself God," and quite another to say, "I will not obey this law because my individual conscience tells me that this law is not just." The early Christians knew where to draw the line, at the *extreme* point of the self-idolatrizing State claiming to be its own highest majesty (as totalitarian states inherently do); Martin Luther King, in his uncritical subjectivism, unfortunately does not.

Incidentally, I might note that I hope to discuss the whole problem of the "legitimate" and "illegitimate" state in a future article. It is not at all impossible to approve of tyrannicide (assassination of an "illegitimate" ruler) as I do, under certain circumstances, and yet reprobate so-called "civil disobedience" against "legitimate" authority.

Madison, N.J. WILL HERBERG

Love Us Not

In editing copy on my piece, "From a Great Spanish Cancionero" [August 25], the Spanish word *romance*—a particular type of chivalric ballad—was changed by *NR* to *romanza*—romance, or a romantic tale. This change makes me seem linguistically untutored and musically illiterate.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Paging Assistant Professor Futch

A correction is in order for the title you conferred on me in the August 11 issue of *NR* (p. 672): let's make that Assistant Professor of History, please. The complexities of history are formidable enough, but the study of "International Relations" amid the burgeoning of dozens and dozens of

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"emerging democracies" is more than I'd have the nerve to undertake.

Lutherville, Md. J. D. FUTCH III

Professor Futch's gross misinterpretation of my letter of July 14 is understandable, but his imputation that I harbor Liberal views is an unforgivable smear.

I deplore the "glossing over and explaining away" of the anthropological activities of the black African by the American press; but, as one who has been overexposed to the gardyloo of Liberal opinion, the *New York Times*, I have come to realize the utter futility in the task of attempting to keep left-wing journalism within the boundaries of decency and objectivity.

New York, N.Y. GUY TAFT GASPARI

Camels and Needles

An old caravan trail along the Jordan River between Galilee and the Dead Sea area comes through a particularly difficult passage known geographically and historically as "the eye of a needle" because of its natural formation and problematic transit. Jesus was using a local cliché which has developed into a rhetorical volleyball. I'm surprised it wasn't explained in *NR*'s controversy [June 30].

Schenectady, N.Y. JOSEPH A. EARLY JR.

H_2S

As a college student studying organic chemistry, I must say that Joe and Mary Jo Lilly were incorrect in their Letter to the Editor [August 25].

It will not be AuH_2O *vs.* H_2SO_4 in '64. It will be AuH_2O *vs.* H_2S. Ask any (conservative) chemist.

Olympia Fields, Ill. ROBERT A. SWALLOW

VAN DEN HAAG

(Continued from p. 773)

should reduce our contribution to its budget to the size of the Soviet contribution; 2) we should vote for and subsequently support financially and otherwise only those UN actions that solve rather than create problems for us and that could not be carried out as advantageously as American actions. (This principle would have excluded the UN Congo action, without requiring any direct American action.)

If we carry out this policy and never deviate from it for the sake of a hypothetical "world opinion," the UN, at worst, will be harmless, and at best, of some propagandistic use. It can never be more advantageous than that.

"I do not believe in economic freedom solely because as an economist I am supposed to know something about prices, rates of interest, costs or exchange rates. The real reason of my convictions lies much deeper. I find it in those regions of the soul where each man's social philosophy is ultimately decided. Socialists and non-socialists are divided by fundamentally different concepts of life and life's meaning. What we judge man's position in the universe to be will in the end decide whether we believe our highest values to be realized in man or in society, and our decision for either the former or the latter will also be the watershed of our political thinking."

Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany)

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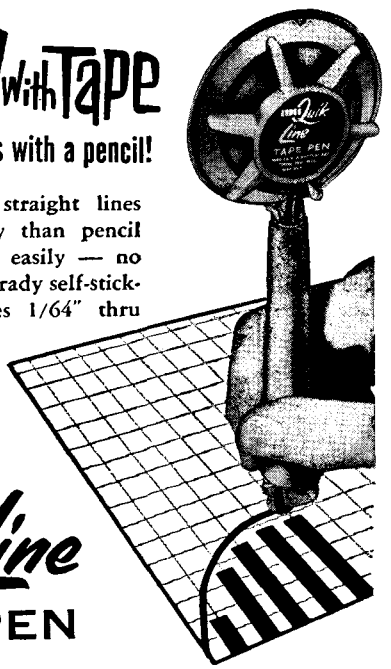

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. N.J. Republican.	5 139 232 197 95 110 240 94 124 134 188
B. Pleasant yet painful.	174 229 1 145 39 125 40 191 69 159 196
C. Former Calif. Republican.	187 135 215 111 160 83 155 169 26
D. Former N.C. Democrat + part of Constitution = a Pope (3 wds.).	209 176 198 147 55 210 126 220 201 41 27
	242 235 231 182 96 192
E. Ala. Democrat.	2 224 140 211 56 146 97 112 98 213
F. Meaning in which a word is understood.	21 13 148 203 183 170 42 205 113 189 218
G. Calif. Republican.	142 70 127 57 228 193 75 29 214
H. Former Detroit infielder.	149 30 51 67 90
I. Incapable of being appeased.	157 190 161 85 91 206 121 43 14
J. Late N.D. Republican.	163 58 31 175 217 225 241
K. Colo. Republican.	179 32 52 128 118 99 162 59 171
L. N.Y. Republican.	181 34 114 212 238 76 166 64
M. Legal.	234 172 136 25 150 167
N. Part of Arabia.	245 236 138 87
O. European principality.	20 107 186 123 72 173 200 144 73 230 244
	117 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Type of apartment.	28 36 68 18 108 132 180 208 194 156
Q. Lincoln's father-in-law.	33 19 101 246
R. Method of procedure.	37 11 204 22 109 219 158
S. Abyssinian.	44 133 38 152 102 226 23
T. Short for a large animal.	62 195 165 12 24
U. 3 House Democrats.	74 60 35 4 199 45 184 100
V. An opportunity.	79 243 77 119 6 137 141
W. A piece of legislation (3 wds.).	82 46 153 15 120 237 233 53 207 7
	177 71 78
X. Emotional gush.	115 16 88 8 54 80 47
Y. An American's birthright.	202 81 9 143 48 89 103
Z. Novels.	222 63 122 116 239 227 10
AA. Iowa Republican.	129 92 221 50 105
BB. A perch.	216 93 223 151 106
CC. Tenn. Democrat.	49 17 3 84 154 130 164
DD. Character.	61 168 65 131 247
EE. Small salamander.	86 104 185 66

See page 764 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, bold lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 B	2 E	3 CC	4 U	5 A	6 V	7 W	8 X	9 Y	10 Z	11 R	12 T	13 F	14 I	15 W	16 X	17CC
18 P	19 Q	20 O	21 F	22 R	23 S	24 T	25 M	26 C	27 D	28 P	29 G	30 H	31 J	32 K	33 Q	34 L
35 U	36 P	37 R	38 S	39 B	40 B	41 D	42 F	43 I	44 S	45 U	46 W	47 X	48 Y	49CC	50 AA	51 H
52 K	53 W	54 X	55 D	56 E	57 G	58 J	59 K	60 U	61DD	62 T	63 Z	64 L	65DD	66EE	67 H	68 P
69 B	70 G	71 W	72 O	73 O	74 U	75 G	76 L	77 V	78 W	79 V	80 X	81 Y	82 W	83 C	84CC	85 I
86EE	87 N	88 X	89 Y	90 H	91 I	92AA	93BB	94 A	95 A	96 D	97 E	98 E	99 K	100U	101Q	102S
103Y	104E E	105A A	106B B	107Q	108P	109R	110A	111C	112E	113 F	114 L	115 X	116 Z	117Q	118K	119V
120W	121I	122A	123Q	124A	125B	126D	127G	128K	129A A	130C C	131D D	132 P	133 S	134 A	135C	136M
137V	138N	139A	140E	141V	142G	143Y	144Q	145B	146E	147D	148F	149H	150 M	151 B B	152S	153W
154C C	155C	156P	157I	158R	159B	160C	161I	162K	163J	164C C	165T	166L	167 M	168 D D	169C	170F
171K	172M	173Q	174B	175J	176D	177W	178Q	179K	180P	181L	182D	183F	184U	185 E E	186Q	187C
188A	189F	190I	191B	192D	193G	194P	195T	196B	197A	198D	199U	200Q	201D	202Y	203F	204R
205F	206I	207N	208P	209D	210D	211E	212L	213E	214G	215C	216B B	217J	218F	219R	220D	221A A
222Z	223B B	224A	225J	226S	227A	228G	229B	230Q	231 D	232A	233N	234M	235D	236N	237N	238L
239A	240A	241J	242D	243V	244Q	245N	246Q	247D D								

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For The Record

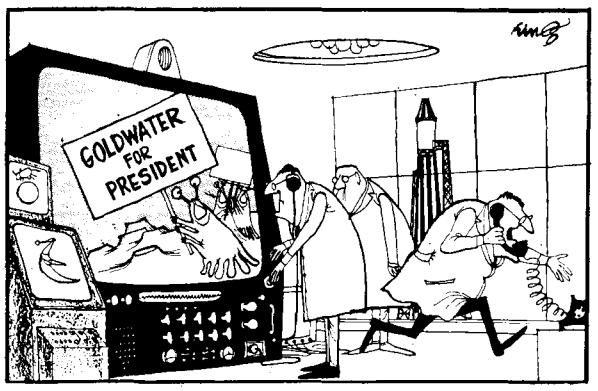
Reverse twist: Supporters of Vice Presidential hopefuls Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy had plenty of campaign buttons on hand, but were afraid to wear them. With LBJ, Mister Clam himself, sitting tight on his choice to the final wire, backers of the Minnesota Twins hesitated to put pressure on him. . . . Not so the irrepressible supporters of Bobby Baker whose buttons 'n banners proclaimed that their man was "good with figures" and could "work hand in glove with LBJ." . . . McCarthy—who was definitely not Labor's candidate—did permit hmiself one sour-grapeish note. The Veep's role in the campaign, he said, "is to make speeches in areas served by DC-3s and Convairs." . . . AFL-CIO, represented by 244 delegates, played it cool. That was the best way, their strategists told them, to help their cat Hubert.

Beach debris included Rockwell's Nazis (briefly), American White Party, and lackluster sit-in by Mississippi Freedom Party sympathizers from CORE, SNCC. Sitters-in lacked verve, enthusiasm, lungpower they had exhibited in anti-Goldwater demonstrations at the Cow Palace. . . . In unofficial JFK-LBJ popularity poll (as judged by dashboard statuary, trinkets, and postcards) it was JFK—all the way. . . . Pres. Johnson (who kept his eye on convention via video) during first three days reportedly increasingly irked by talk of hotdog stands, flag-sitters, fortune-tellers, most irked of all by crack that Atlantic City was—the people's Newport.

Disappointed: a bronzed beach-girl commenting to NR editor Wm. F. Buckley Jr.: "I just can't go home and say you're the only celebrity I saw at the Democratic Convention."

Young Citizens for Johnson very active: they sponsored week-long extravaganza (starring Paul Newman, Vic Damone, Carol Channing, Sen. Fulbright) and generally tried to make their presence felt. But it was poor show, say convention experts, when compared with YAF, Youth for Goldwater at the Republican Convention. . . . Among the delegates: Mrs. Richard Nixon (from Hogeland, Mont.), Earl Warren Jr. (Calif. State chairman), and Goldwater—Monroe Goldwater, a N.Y. businessman who got unexpected rush from news-hungry newsmen in a news-sparse convention. . . . Not helped by general blandness of procedings, CBS's new anchor team of Mudd and Trout: they were outurbaned and out-glittered by a swinging Huntley and Brinkley.

TV cameras kept catching huge rows of empty seats as delegates, like the wheels, abandoned Convention Hall to watch the goings-on comfortably cool and refreshed in hotel rooms and bars. How else could they have heard the re-



Ben Roth Agency

"Moonshot Control Center here—quick, get me Washington."

tort of indignant Alabama delegate when asked if he didn't fear reprisals from the folks back home: "No one's goin' to reprisal me. I'm not goin' to be reprisaled." Or irritation of the Oregon delegate who did have a badge, but couldn't persuade the sergeant-at-arms to let him in: "The more I think of it the madder I get."

Along the Boardwalk, the joke of the hour: Have you heard about Miss America? They had to disqualify five of the girls for representing states they don't live in: they're all from Massachusetts!

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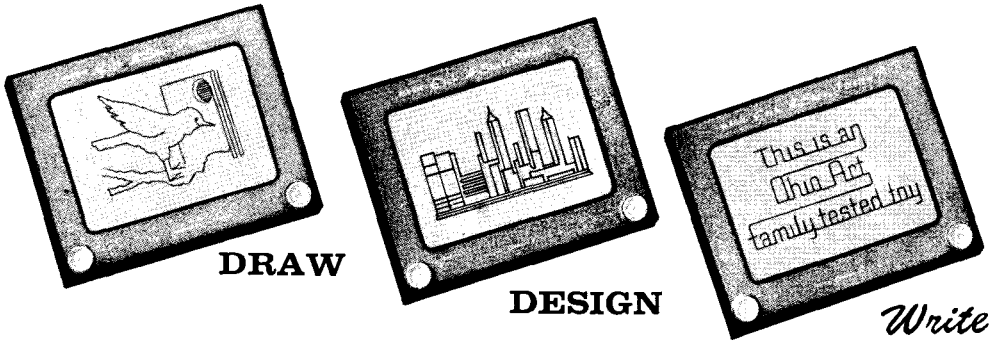

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